

INTERIM

Volume IV

1954

Numbers 1 & 2

CONTENTS

EDITOR'S NOTE.....		2
THE HIGH COST OF MACARONI.....	F. Scott Fitzgerald.....	3
THE WINTER POND.....	Sidney L. Burks.....	16
VERTIGO WINTER.....	Richard F. Hugo.....	17
THE BLUE CYCLE.....	Richard F. Hugo.....	18
AFTER RYEWAVE.....	Richard F. Hugo.....	19
MEDITATION: EVENING.....	William H. Dickey.....	19
ELEGY FOR MRS. ROSE.....	Harold V. Witt.....	20
FANTASIA ON A THEME BY FREUD.....	Harold V. Witt.....	20
GAMMON FOR DINNER.....	Malcolm Cowley.....	21
FRAGMENT ATTRIBUTED TO HERODOTUS.....	August Kadow.....	24
SESTINA.....	Richard Eberhart.....	25
CHANSONS.....	Stephane Mallarme.....	26
THE THIRD DOORMAN.....	Douglas Woolf.....	27
ARS POETICA.....	Clinton Williams.....	38
PHANTASMS.....	Marvin Solomon.....	39
LORCA.....	Marvin Solomon.....	40
FROLICS OF THE FELLAHEEN.....	Harvey Manning.....	41
OLD PEW EVERYWHERE.....	Winfield Townley Scott.....	46
CAT.....	Arnold Stein.....	47
AD MARGINEM.....	Kenneth O. Hanson.....	48
OPEN LETTER TO DR. OLIVER GOGARTY.....	Stanislaus Joyce.....	49
THE LAST VISITOR.....	Henry Treece.....	56
THE ISLAND.....	Dennis J. Lynds.....	57
MY FAMOUS COUNTRYMAN.....	Mason Jordan Mason.....	63
THE GARDEN OF PARADISE.....	James Wright.....	64
THE RIOTING GRAVE.....	Thomas McGrath.....	65
THE TROUBLE WITH THE TIMES.....	Thomas McGrath.....	65
JUDGE TANTRUM FOOTE LAYS DOWN THE LAW.....	Thomas McGrath.....	66
MR. TRILLING SEES IT THROUGH—ALMOST.....	Donald Macrae.....	67
FOR YOU, ANN.....	Bobb Davis.....	73
TOWER AND HORN: PIECE AFTER POULENC.....	Bobb Davis.....	74
THE MODERN WORLD AND THE POLITICAL SHAKESPEARE.....	John Gross.....	75
THE DOGCATCHER'S GOT OLD EZ.....	William Hull.....	79
ATTRIBUTION.....	Josephine Miles.....	80
ABSOLUTE MAN.....	Josephine Miles.....	80
ROUNDS OF SPRING.....	Thomas Cole.....	81
THE GREEN ARMS OF SUMMER.....	Thomas Cole.....	82
THE POEMS OF CHRISTOPHER SMART.....	Allen R. Benham.....	83
THE RUST IN THE VEIN.....	Helen Scales Crescent.....	85
THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.....	Helen Scales Crescent.....	86
MILTON AND ALEX COMFORT.....	Wayne Burns.....	87
A REVIEW.....	Vivienne Koch.....	90
MYTH, FREUD AND EXISTENTIALISM.....	E. H. Eby.....	93

Editor and Publisher: A. WILBER STEVENS

Poetry Editor: Kenneth O. Hanson

Editor's Note

This issue of INTERIM has been a long time in coming. The vine almost died from lack of nourishment. While we have kept faith with the several thousand writers throughout the world whose material we have processed, we do feel a definite twinge of conscience as far as our readers are concerned. We want to thank individual supporters, libraries, and the indefatigable subscription agencies for their patience.

Some of the material we present here has been in our hands for more than a couple of years. We feel that it still holds up as well as ever and is in keeping with INTERIM'S policy of transcending "schools" of writing. We also believe that our dogged persistence in continuing larger press runs than most magazines in this field is completely justified. We shall continue to look upon literature as a profession rather than as a lobby.

The academic critics (Proper Old, Affluent New, Homotextual Middle) labor in these panicky years against the coming of the Great Explication. Many of the best writers bemusedly rejoin the family table, breaking bread a bit guiltily with the Foundations. Our graduate schools are becoming crowded with neo-secular disciples of the bloodless literary disquisition. Hierarchical attitudes toward literature and society (justified in many ways) are too often based on the expediency which comes with "using" literature rather than really loving it. These conditions have set up in many colleges and universities a frenzy of creative activity which thrives on craft rather than on originality.

Nostalgic for absolutes, but fearing the onus of being "committed" we have confused culture with faith, and attempt to sustain ourselves on a shoddy mixture of information and magic.

Within the realm of technique itself the theme of "alienation" in both criticism and fiction crowds the contemporary literary journals as never before. It is rather pathetic, for instance, to run across writers, teachers and students who have been hooked with the idea that the *Partisan Review* presents a *whole* picture of the best in American writing. This picture has a certain night school charm, to be sure, but it would be a sorry thing to pay more than proportionate tribute to a style and attitude, which seems to come from reading *The Golden Bowl* on the B. M. T. subway.

For all to see this is an age of paradox. Especially for the poets. The Poet's Center in New York has become a mass interdenominational bazaar, crowded with well fed, well toasted figures seemingly astonished by sleeper hops, full professorships at lady colleges, and the eel-like embrace which comes with a Mentor book. Avant Gardism has now become respectable.

INTERIM reenters this interesting scene with a feeling of hope and curiosity. We know that the rapport between writer and reader should never be complacent, if the intensity of the creative experience is to have any lasting value. We know too that man goes ultimately from text, not to it. Parringtonians, New Critics, distinguished minor poets, and other luckier and less gifted men should join in recognizing the common blood which is on their hands.

—A. W. S.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

The High Cost of Macaroni

(A Note by H. D. Piper)

Scott Fitzgerald began to plan his third novel, *The Great Gatsby*, in the summer of 1922. "It's locale will be the Middle West and New York of 1885, I think," he wrote Maxwell Perkins at Scribner's that June. "It will concern less superlative beauties than I run to **occasionally** and will be centered in a smaller period of time. It will have a Catholic background." With it he hoped to regain the literary fame first spectacularly won in 1920 with *This Side of Paradise* and subsequently dissipated by his recent, hasty and confused second novel, *The Beautiful and Damned* (1922).

But work on *The Great Gatsby* progressed at snail's pace during the next two years. Fitzgerald expected to finance the leisure necessary for completing it from the Broadway profits of his new play, *The Vegetable*. After reading the manuscript of this last project, Edmund Wilson had said (so Fitzgerald wrote Perkins) that it was "without doubt the best American comedy to date," and the author looked forward to its Atlantic City opening in November, 1923, with great expectations. But it was a resounding flop, folding up for good a few days after its out-of-town first-night, and leaving Fitzgerald \$5,000 in the hole.

This meant that, after a let-up of several years, Fitzgerald was obliged to go back again to grinding out jazzy pot-boilers for the mass-circulation magazines. During the next six months, in a Herculean effort, he wrote and sold fourteen stories and articles that grossed \$18,000. But it was a discouraging business, catering to the standardized tastes of the news-stand trade; he was nervous and irritable, anxious to get back to *The Great Gatsby*. Even when he was at last financially above water, in the spring of 1924, work on his novel was continually interrupted by domestic distractions. Not the least of them was a steady procession of convivial, weekendng New Yorkers who, according to his sympathetic Great Neck neighbor, Ring Lardner, "kept mistaking (the Fitzgeralds'). . . Long Island home for a road-house." It was no surprise to his friends when, in May, Scott and Zelda and their two-year-old daughter packed up abruptly and sailed for Europe. The local postmaster, under special orders, refused to give out their forwarding address to solicitous inquirers---even when it was requested by so famous a celebrity as Gilda Gray.

By June, 1924, the Fitzgeralds were quietly settled in a villa at St. Raphael, on the as-yet-unfashionable summer Riviera. Here, during the next five months, Scott completed *The Great Gatsby* while Zelda read Henry James and browned herself on the nearby Mediterranean sands. The book's setting had by now, of course, been shifted from post-Civil War America to the jazz age Long Island suburbia they had so recently fled. (Part of this earlier version was published by Fitzgerald as "Absolution," one of his finest short stories.) The completed manuscript of *Gatsby* was mailed to Max Perkins at Scribner's on October 27, and a few days later the three Fitzgeralds set off for a Mediterranean holiday. Zelda had just finished reading *Roderick Hudson* and insisted that they spend the winter in Italy.

They stayed in Rome (at the Quirinal and later at the Hotel des Princes) from November until February. "The High Cost of Macaroni," now printed for the first time, is an unfinished sketch based on some experiences of that winter. But it must not be taken as a straight autobiographical account of his Roman holiday. We must not succumb to the current critical fashion of romantically identifying Fitzgerald himself with the irresponsible jazz age dissipation he understood so well, and which his writings so brilliantly described. No one protested so vigorously against the "Fitzgerald myth" during his lifetime than the subject himself. As a matter of fact, the galley-proofs for *The Great Gatsby* arrived in New York in December, not long after he had settled in Rome, and the rest of the winter was spent in making elaborate revisions—structural as well as stylistic. The actual proof-sheets (so obscured by these changes as to be unreadable in places) as well as Fitzgerald's correspondence with Perkins, testify to the sweat and sober, conscious craft that went in these last-minute refurbishings. Even though the original manuscript had already been rewritten at least five times, the final proof-changes of *The Great Gatsby*, as the author warned his harassed publishers, were to be "the most expensive affairs since *Madame Bovary*."

But the holiday was not all work, by any means. In December, just about the time the galley-proofs were arriving from America, Fitzgerald got mixed up in some sort of a Roman café brawl, probably one very much like that described in the following sketch. His journal alludes to it only vaguely: "Row in café. Reconciliation." During this same month we find him writing Max Perkins that he is already thinking about his next novel and hopes to start work on it as soon as *The Great Gatsby* is in print. Fitzgerald's next novel (not destined to be published for nine years) was *Tender is the Night*. And the earliest manuscript version existing of that chronicle of expatriate degeneration begins with a café brawl in Rome. Moreover, the opening chapter contains two incidents also mentioned in "The High

Cost of Macaroni": the dispute over the "reserved" table and the fight later in the street with taxicab drivers and the policeman. When Fitzgerald finally finished *Tender is the Night* in 1934, he inserted this opening chapter from the early draft into the printed version (Book II, Chapters XXII and XXIII) with just a few changes in names---and this in spite of the fact that plot, protagonists and the overall conception of the novel had radically altered during the intervening nine years! "The High Cost of Macaroni" is thus an important document in the history of the evolution of *Tender is the Night* and students of Fitzgerald's technique can profit from a comparison of these two episodes as they appear first in this preliminary sketch and then later in the finished novel.

Even though the incidents referred to in the following article occurred in the winter of 1924-25, it was not written until a year later. By then Fitzgerald realized, to his profound disappointment, that *The Great Gatsby* (published in April, 1925) was a financial failure and that he must go back once more to pot-boiling for the shiny-paged weeklies. (His price had now advanced to \$2000 a story and would soon be twice that figure.) Back in 1924, when he had been in a similar financial predicament, he received \$1200 apiece from the *Saturday Evening Post* for two amusing articles discussing his life in the Long Island suburbs and on the Riviera. "The High Cost of Macaroni" is a third contribution to that series, carrying the history of the Fitzgeralds through their winter in Rome, and was probably intended for the *Post*. But at the time of writing it, Fitzgerald was also working on the early draft of *Tender is the Night* and apparently put "The High Cost of Macaroni" aside unfinished, having now decided to save the material for his novel.

But, as it turned out, Fitzgerald never published the best parts of this sketch in *Tender* or any place else. It is worth having on the record as the amusing, if somewhat unpolished, adventures of two famous jazz age "innocents abroad."

* * *

For permission to publish "The High Cost of Macaroni" *Interim* is indebted to the author's daughter, Frances Scott Fitzgerald Lanahan (Mrs. Samuel J.). The first two-thirds of the manuscript are in typescript, considerably revised in pencil. (Zelda, for instance, was originally camouflaged as "Tilda".) The final third is a rough pencil draft. Additional notes indicate that Fitzgerald was dissatisfied with the title and that he planned to add at least three more anecdotes, vaguely identified as "Capri," "concierge, doctor, drugstore," and "rate of exchange." For clarity, Fitzgerald's obvious misspellings have been corrected (he spelled by ear rather than by dictionary) and several marks of punctuation have been inserted.

THE HIGH COST OF MACARONI

Like most other Americans we are in Europe. We came over here a year and a half ago to try and save money. We are going to try it for another year and a half and then if we haven't succeeded any better we're coming home and get something to eat.

If you like such travel articles as "A Merry Two Years Ramble in Europe" you have opened at the wrong page. Turn on. This is an unpleasant story with all sorts of sinister characters in it whose business is to take money away from noble and good-hearted Americans. Whenever we hear of another couple who have come over here to lay something by we bend our heads and weep into whatever is at hand--usually macaroni.

When we first came over we went down to Southern France where we worried along six months trying to support a large and constantly increasing French family who jokingly referred to themselves as our "servants." By the end of that time we had salted down in the bank and in various stocks and bonds and development schemes a little over one hundred dollars. This was the all too familiar experience that confronted us at the end of our first half year abroad.

"I can't deal with these people," said my wife, "They know the game too well. If we're going to save anything, we'll have to move on."

"Where to?"

"How about Italy?"

Now she insists to this day that I was the first to mention Italy but that is not true. She was. When we dispute the matter--which is seldom more than once a week--she is apt to become a little excited about it: "Shut up, yourself!" and all that regrettable sort of thing. The fact remains that we looked up the rate of exchange for Italy and, finding it more promising than the rate of exchange for France, decided to spend a warm quiet economical winter in Rome.

This time we are taking no chances so we made an iron-bound schedule that we swore to live up to. It apportioned every possible expense and left such a wide margin for miscellaneous that life couldn't take us unawares. It guaranteed that by the end of the winter three thousand dollars would be saved and by the end of a decade we would be secure for life. Underneath our signatures Zelda drew some flowers which were very pretty indeed and we went to bed with the feeling that we were on the right track at last. Of course it seemed a shame to leave France just as we had learned the language--we spoke it now with hardly any French accent--but we were in deadly earnest about laying something by and the exchange pointed the way.

So one sunny October morning we filled our small French car with the one suitcase it would hold, said goodbye to our child and nurse who were

to follow by train, and drove away from our pleasant Riviera villa. Perhaps my diary of our trip through sunny Italy, words set down in the heat of enthusiasm while the enchantment of the beautiful scenery was still upon me, will give you a better idea of the journey than anything I could write now.

FRIDAY, October 31st.

This evening at seven o'clock we left France behind and crossed the border into the flowery land of Italy, where we immediately noticed a change in the temperature. It grew slightly colder. Zelda was homesick until she called up the nurse from San Remo, where we spent the night, and found the child alive and well. Macaroni for dinner--it was nice to be eating real Italian food.

SATURDAY, November 1st.

Lost our way and would have driven back into France but the customs officer stopped us and turned us around. Everybody looks very poor and hungry. Zelda says we passed some pretty flowers this morning but we are evidently too far north to find any warm weather, for the car froze while we were having dinner in Savona. We had macaroni with cheese, a very original idea and very good.

SUNDAY, November 2nd.

This morning we bought a lap-robe to keep warm. It only cost three dollars which is very cheap and shows we are on the right track. It would have cost four times that in America. I tell Zelda it isn't fair to judge prices by these hotels on the high road. At ten o'clock we reached Pisa. Zelda says that just before dark we passed another flower.

MONDAY, November 3rd.

After a nice breakfast of coffee and macaroni we started for Florence. Gasoline is rather high, about sixty cents a gallon because of the rate of exchange, but they say things are cheaper farther south. I notice that they always ask us whether we are English or American before they tell us what we owe, and some instinct tells me we should pretend to be English. Bought small but costly monocle. Zelda fretful. She has taken a curious dislike to macaroni.

The lap-robe worn out.

TUESDAY, November 4th.

Zelda has been very foolish about this macaroni thing--she says it makes her sick to eat it for breakfast and we had words somewhere between Florence and Rome. As we approached Rome we thought we saw another flower but it turned out to be an old garter. Shortly afterwards we drove

into a large city where everyone was driving on the wrong side of the street, except me. The man who tried to arrest me told me this was Rome and I had better do as the Romans do. The porter at the hotel says he thinks it will stop snowing before morning.

At nine o'clock the following day I went to a Real Estate Office (Reala Estata Uffizia) and asked a very sleepy clerk (clerka) for an apartment (appartamento) adding that I wished to pay no more than one hundred and fifty dollars a month. At this the clerk woke up and broke into a roar of laughter. He shouted out something and immediately other clerks began to crowd into the room to take a look at me.

"What's the matter with you people?" I demanded indignantly.

"Theesa Holy Year."

"That's all the more reason why you ought to be civil and not make all that irreverent racket."

At this they all began to talk at once and to shake their first fingers at me menacingly. It was sometime before I realized the significance of what they said.

This was Holy Year. Only one year in every twenty-five is Holy Year --and we had blundered right into it. To the Roman business man, Holy Year is that period when he counts on making enough profit out of foreign pilgrims to enable him to rest for twenty-five years more. A host of speculators--army officers, black-handers, waiters, mule drivers, morticians and princes of the blood--round up every edifice that can be disguised as an apartment house and wait for the Americans. It is only considered necessary to re-paper four rooms in a rickety tenement, set up a bath tub in a clothes closet and say "two hundred a month" in a firm but pious voice. Sometimes the bath tub isn't even connected, and once, during the discouraging weeks that ensued, our prospective landlord didn't even know what it was for. He had bought it because the other speculators were buying them and he told us it was part of a new American heating system.

After a fortnight of following false clues up dreary alleys we gave up all idea of an apartment at reasonable price and settled down for the season in a small hotel. . . . (Here ten lines or so have been, literally, cut out of the typescript. There is no evidence as to just what has been omitted.). . . . There was no coarse display or anything like that--the only jewels I ever saw were in the manager's watch and they were too small to be offensive. If our child blew a whistle in the hall the clients all rushed downstairs shouting "Where is the fire?"

The building itself had been erected over the tomb of one of the early emperors and the elevator shaft was obviously in direct communication with the open mausoleum. There was atmosphere for you! We almost resented

the fact that a new dining salon was being built in one wing and that we could not continue to eat in the quaint old cloak-room which was being used temporarily. There was something very foreign and "old-world" about it all. It was awful. . . .

The manager had made us a special rate for the winter--eight hundred dollars a month, which was to include two double rooms, a study, a bath, heat, light, air, tips, tax and food, and anything else we could think of. We were lucky to get in at all, he said--in another month people would be sleeping in the streets and the food would give out with the rush of pilgrims. The Hotel de la Morgue on the other hand, served six courses at every meal. I translate a sample bill of fare:

1. *Couvert*
2. Choice--Bread or butter
3. Macaroni with grated meat
4. Spaghetti with pulverized tomatoes
5. Vermicelli with annihilated cheese
6. Fruit or go hungry

But we never left the table hungry. In fact we never went to it hungry. There was some spell about that cloak-room that after you entered it you didn't care about eating.

Let us leave the Hotel de la Morgue for a few hours and saunter about the streets of Rome. Contrary to general belief, Rome is not inhabited entirely by men. True the women are locked into their homes by day and by night, in a manner that would please our most violent anti-feminists, but the number of children who swarm the streets testified to their existence. After twilight groups of men loiter dismally on every corner--colorless, monotonous men with bored and dreary faces. They hope that something will happen--that a belated flapper will whisk by for a bit of color, that the United States will remove the emigrant restrictions or, failing this, that the rattle of machine guns will begin and signal in a new revolution. For the Italian is a natural anarchist. His legacy is the riotous spirit of the dark ages, that talent for violence and suspicion against which during the last hundred years a dozen champions from Mazzini to Mussolini have struggled in vain. The divine rough-house which began in the sixth century is by no means over--it first presented itself to us during a tea dance one afternoon at a fashionable hotel.

It was not our hotel. At our hotel we felt that tea dances were vulgar. It was at the Mazuma Americana, a fashionable pile where macaroni was never mentioned above a whisper. We had been shown to a small uncoveted table in the corner, ordered tea and something to take the taste of it out of our mouths and were about to rise and dance when suddenly our peace was

broken by the presence of two young men at our elbow. They were thin, pale young men. Their black eyes flashed dully, their coats caught them like corsets at the waist, it was incredible that their right and left feet were headed the same way. But they were, they headed toward us, and their drooping mouths became twisted with some difficulty into expressions of scorn.

"This table," said the foremost, tapping it gently with his forefinger, "is reserved for the Princess Dumbella."

It was not, but his party, which included the Princess Dumbella, was two places shy.

"There are no other tables left," I said. "We've ordered tea and it's impossible for us to leave."

"I know there are no other tables," he said, "that's why the Princess Dumbella must have this table."

Now the Dumbellas are descendents of one of these bandit families who for six centuries robbed, wrecked, tortured, bribed, murdered, bullied and cheated their way into the control of Roman affairs. This control was taken from them, neatly but firmly, some fifty years ago, but by dint of several American marriages they have continued to hold their position among the international aristocracy. Less than any other aristocracy in the world, including the Russian, do they deserve the name, for their history is one long epic of ravage and destruction.

"This table," repeated the young man "is reserved for the Dumbellas. You are keeping them waiting, do you hear?"

His shrill voice piped above the hot volume of American jazz. What faint memories of despotism still flickered in this ghost that made him think that that name could frighten anyone out of a two-place table!

"Who are the Dumbellas?" I inquired.

"The Dum--!" He gasped. His companion beckoned suddenly to the head waiter and a sustained conversation took place in Italian.

"I beg your pardon," said the head waiter to me, "But are you staying in this hotel?"

"No," I answered, "I am at the Hotel de la Morgue. We prefer small hotels."

They all looked a little shocked. The head waiter was the first to recover.

"I regret to say that this table is reserved."

"There was no reserved card on it," I protested. "We were shown here and our order was taken--"

"Don't argue," said my wife quietly. "Let's go. It's the rate of exchange."

"I can put up a table for you just inside the pantry door," suggested the head waiter.

We got up and stood facing them all for a moment, trying to think of some crushing remark to make. But nothing occurred to us, so, scornfully rejecting the substitute table, we swept (I believe that's the word) out the door into the cool December afternoon.

"I don't like this place," I said, as a Fascisti colonel tried to brush us from the sidewalk in token of his spontaneous admiration for my wife, "I don't like these people, or our hotel in this city. Let's go away."

"We can't."

"And why not?"

"Because we're keeping our schedule. If we moved before spring we'd get behind."

"I think we ought to get out."

"But it seems so silly--just as we begin to save something we get bored and move on."

"But what we're spending would buy more than this in New York City."

"This is Holy Year."

"Don't rub it in."

"Well, let's make the best of it. Let's read a lot of history and go to see lots of churches and ruins and--and all that, every afternoon. At least there aren't any distractions here to keep you from working."

We stayed. We bought a history book--if it hadn't opened to the name of Paola Dumbella we might have read it. We plodded through the ruins. None of our guides had ever read the advertisement which says "Even his best friends won't tell him," and we tried to keep them ten feet away. We went to the movies, where they gave the first half of American pictures and announced that the second half would be shown the following week. We hissed. We were told afterwards that a hiss means applause.

A month passed. Just as I had learned to drive on the wrong side of the street the law was changed--everyone must drive on the right. The Romans paid no attention--they kept to the left, the English and Americans kept to the right and the trolley cars fought it out up and down the center, so that every street in Rome became a one way street with the traffic going both ways.

Two months--two years--two decades passed. I was growing madder and madder. A white streak appeared in my hair, our child grew up, married, moved away. The president's iron horse wore out. The Colosseum fell down. Still the hotel dining room failed to be completed and we continued to eat macaroni in the cloak room. Finally we discovered that the new dining room had only been a decoy to fill up the hotel--and had since

been sold to a business concern next door. But we were too old to care.

Years passed. Little grandchildren played about our knees and we gaped fondly at them from toothless mouths. My wife decided at last to let her hair grow long. The last of the Dumbellas died. Sometimes we wondered if the joke wasn't on us after all. Anyone can save money if he is willing to live on dog-biscuit (that is, anyone except a dog) but the clever thing is to save money and still live on the fat of the land. Something was wrong somewhere--and one day we suddenly blew up--and found out.

It began with a handkerchief, a red handkerchief with a small blue bear in the corner, one of six which Zelda bought for the child. By one of those convenient oversights, at which the Romans are so adept, only five emerged from the package when it was opened at home.

Zelda sat down and gave three hearty groans.

"It's no use," she said, "If I don't go back I'll be cross all day because I've been cheated and if I do go back they'll swear they put six in, and I'll be even crosser."

"I'll go with you," I said sternly, "We'll go back there and they'll hand over that handkerchief or else they'll go to jail."

We went and argued. If there was one thing everyone in that store was sure of it was the fact that six handkerchiefs had been wrapped up. I told them I would never enter their store again, that I had three brothers with acute hayfever and had contemplated a large purchase of handkerchiefs next day--but they were firm. After half an hour, I was on their side--I began to think the handkerchief must have eaten its way through the paper and dropped on the street. Finally I apologized humbly for bothering them and crawled out of the store.

"Maybe you're right," I said, "but you'd never get it."

"I did get it."

She opened her hand.

From it, like one of those firework "worms" on the Fourth of July, uncurled a diminutive red handkerchief with a bear in the corner.

"It was pushed out of sight under that pile on the counter," she said.

"You *stole* it?"

"No. It jumped into my hand."

"But suppose they saw you."

"They did. And the proprietor sort of winked as if he were congratulating me. They just wouldn't give in--that was all."

I considered.

"There's something about this we don't understand--"

"We don't understand anything," she interrupted--"their way of being rude or their way of being polite, their way of being honest or their way of

being dishonest. I don't think you're supposed to argue, like you are in France. I think the thing is to do just what you want--like driving on the right side of the street for instance. Everybody drives just where they want to."

And so it happened that on a cold January afternoon two puzzled Americans strolled along the somewhat odorous avenues of the Eternal City lost in thought. We knew that these people were different from us but did we remember that we were also different from them? Often when in the tourist office we had seen hordes of the more ignorant and baffled of our countrymen trying to explain to a foreign clerk that they wanted "a lower berth" or some other unobtainable commodity, we had plumed ourselves on superior cosmopolitan knowledge. When in Rome--that was the idea! This business of the handkerchiefs was the clue. It was when we decided this that the fun began.

As we entered the Hotel de la Morgue we were presented with the bill. I looked at it. I always looked at it, in the American way; now I really looked at it. Then I took out my fountain pen and ran a line through the item mineral waters.

"I won't pay that," I said.

"Why not, Signor?"

"Because one day I found the waiter filling the bottles from the tap in the hall." Again I drew a black line across the page. "And I won't pay for heat. There was no heat from Monday till Thursday. When it went on Friday we were so used to being cold that we had to open the windows."

"What's more," joined in my wife, "You know that the tourist season has been a disappointment and that you couldn't rent our rooms again. Take off twenty-five per-cent of that bill or we leave tomorrow."

I handed the bill back over the counter and stood there looking at the manager and trembling slightly.

"Some one has been talking to you," he broke out angrily, "Someone in the hotel."

We exchanged a glance.

"We know the whole game," I answered, "We really ought to take off something for the missing dining room and the elevator that doesn't work and the food that doesn't work and the servants that don't work and--"

"Sh!" he whispered, "Sh-h-h!" A small crowd had gathered. "If you will come to my private office later perhaps we can arrange something."

"But how about the whole winter we've wasted," I cried. "Arrange that if you can! Give us back November, December, January. What excuse have you got for the money you've already squeezed out of us for stable room in this disreputable barn--!"

I broke off. His lips were already muttering automatically and I did not need to listen in order to know what they were saying.

"It's the rate of exchange. The rate of exchange."

A sort of madness overtook us. We jumped into a taxicab and drove up to the Hotel Mazuma Americana. The afternoon tea dance was beginning and our eyes lighted upon the Princess Dumbella and her two cavaliers of the month before leisurely approaching the last vacant table. I rushed up to the head waiter.

"Look here," I said. "I *have* to have that table. I'm Claude Lightfoot, the great American money king and if I can't have that table I'll call the Italian loan."

"But Signor, the Princess Dumbella---"

"Enough!" Get me Signor Mussolini on the telephone."

In a moment the Dumbella party was intercepted. A barricade of waiters formed in front of them, on both sides of them, jostling, tripping, apologizing. Meanwhile we were bowed to the coveted table down a quietly-opened lane.

Outside it was dark and cold. The dreary mists of the campagna had drifted in and spread through the streets like the dissolving smoke of a bombardment. Half a dozen sullen taximen lounged by the door of the cabaret smoking the tobacco that is salvaged by old women from discarded butts of cigarettes. One of them followed as we started toward the nearest taxi.

"Hotel de la Morgue," I said. My wife stepped inside.

"Fifty lira," he answered.

"Between five and six lira," I corrected him. "I've ridden this before."

"But it's after ten o'clock."

"Call it fifteen lira with the tip," I said. "But hurry up, it's cold."

"Fifty lira," he repeated.

"Don't joke," I said. "We've graduated from that class."

To my chagrin he shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

We got out and approached the next cab, but its owner, after a conference with the first man, didn't move from his lounging place and merely gave a contemptuous shake of the head. We tried them all with the same result.

"They're after big game," I thought. "They know we're wise."

I decided to try my fascisti methods. I had no castor oil handy but I approached the first chauffeur with a menacing eye.

"You're going to take us home. I'll give you twenty-five lira, which is five times the meter price and that's all."

For answer he looked at his companion and spat contemptuously upon

the sidewalk. An Italian issued from the cabaret, entered a taxicab and, with no discussion beyond the giving of an address, drove away.

"You're going to take us home now, do you hear," I said in a raised voice.

"American?" he demanded.

"What's that got to do with it."

"Fifty lira."

No respectable book has been written upon the psychology of midnight ---or perhaps it was the ring of the words "fifty lira", which sounds like "fifty dollars", though it's closer to two. What happened had been provided for about fifteen years previously when I took four boxing lessons from Tommy Gibbons (he wasn't famous then, he was Mike's young brother). The lessons were concerned largely with what to do in a street fight. I never intended to be in a street fight--but about two minutes after the final mention of fifty lira I was.

It lasted, with short bursts of arguments, for about ten minutes. First there was *one* taxi driver, and I had a little the best of it; then there were two and I was having a little the worst of it. But I didn't think I was, and when the meddlesome stranger stepped between us I was in no mood to have it stop there, and I pushed him impatiently out of the way. He came back persistently, lurching in between us, talking in a stream of Italian, doing his best, it seemed to me, to interrupt my offensives--and to the advantage of the taximan. Once too often he caught at my arm. Blind with anger I turned on him quickly and (with more success than I had so far had with the others) caught him under the point of the chin; whereupon, rather to my surprise, he sat down.

Immediately a murmur arose from the now-gathering crowd.

"Santa Maria!"

"Ah Dios."

"Pauvra Americano!"

"O mio culpa!"

"You done it now!" said a voice in broken English. "Better beat it while the goin's good. You knocked him down."

"Served him right!" I cried. "Why didn't he keep out of it. What business is it of his?"

"It's the only business he's got," said the voice. "That's John Alexander Borgia, the chief of the secret police of the carbonieri."

* * *

Capri is a small island in the bay of Naples where the Emperor Tiberius used to go when Rome got too hot for him. People have been going there for much the same reasons ever since.

SIDNEY L. BURKS

The Winter Pond

*The strange extensions of soft winter sun
Burn the sleepy chestnut where it lies.
The pond its dull back whispering hardly bleak
Excites the crane into a pause which shakes
With the glitter of fish and precision.*

*The lingering grey sky in paralysis
Appraises the effete poem of the day:
An easy hospital, sweet in its strength,
The season sweeps and barterers less with coin
Than morphics, sleep, sleep, an easy change.*

*If even in surrender there are things,
Even things, woods and nuts, fish and sleep,
Which less by knowing than surrendering—
Sleep, sleep—can repossess entirely
And like the savage sun burn day away,*

*And if the laughter in the world's own will
Is only bartered for the season's whim,
Such forms as we expect are lost to wind,
For what the sick can offer we must take
And what we take the will must overwhelm:*

*Yet the clear sun, what is the sun
But the lost son, which, like the father,
Cannot farther in the sun be seen or known?
O it is clear, and in its clearness sleeps
And in its sleeping washes up our strength.*

*And are the night's extensions also strange,
And do they beam the form and order which
For our fish, the bird's fish, delight
In repossession winter's ice provides?
They seem less strange, infirmity of gods.*

Three Poems by RICHARD F. HUGO

Vertigo Winter

*I had come to the vertigo winter
Edge of nimbo water,
Gulls were flaring punktrail, cut the cloud.
A girl on arboretum
Eager for summer brown and melon
And sand dissolved into the crab as sugar.*

*I had seen the ghost of bather
Defy the flounder,
Level the grace and shatter of a wave.
There in moon and fire
We loved back from the porgy
Kissed the seaweed from the other ear.*

*I had come when giant whisper
Struck a mother
Dumb to scream up lying for the love.
Signal of the losses
Maimed the wicked dolphin,
Now hear the mudshark whimper in the cove.*

*I had come to the vertigo winter
Edge of fir and harbor,
Floating shiner knocking pile and pier.
A girlless arboretum
No fire and no eager moon
Rip the seaweed from the awkward star.*

RICHARD F. HUGO

The Blue Cycle

*There is a slow first kiss that is green explosion
In the west, and the morning moons
That slowly freeze pink pregnant salmon
Leave the minnow nothing.
They swirl the fall and dizzy day of white.*

*Green moons before, a tree above December
Lay the lethal cougar
To flesh my rib her velvet fall
Fell beauty out of five needle pine
And wet a stone that edged the cringing razor.*

*There are first kisses, cougars killing others
Where kissing claws might brute a finny waver
They freeze the salmon heaven
As cold mother kitten
Hides a young gill from the yellow after.*

*Warm dolphins down we'll blue the love of fathom,
Scrape off our green on neuter twenty-stars,
Finger dreams like a pane in winter
And like the dreamy salmon
Cougar fall, settle on sea bottom.*

*Deep floods and current hells await virginity
And virgin spray on all those arching faces
Pink without pregnancy.
Let's swim the day, we fish of air and water,
And love the day to spin a dizzy dark.*

RICHARD F. HUGO

After Ryewave

*My life after ryewave,
Steaming fern,
Dead dog with the neck in anchor,
Unwindowed room,*

*Is crawdad dying of the yellow,
Blood of trout,
The question of a frozen
Water-bolt.*

*Still below the willow shadow,
Dodger birch,
Salal is rainrinsed when a robin
Shakes the alder branch.*

WILLIAM H. DICKEY

Meditation: Evening

*Thetis the strange Madonna licks her lips
Above the tumble of the bawdy-bed,
Surveys the laddered stockings she has shed
As if they are as much ten thousand ships
As she will ever launch; Fat Helen slips
Tauntingly through the marrows of her head;
Matter for envy, Thetis thinks, full-spread
Upon the mattress as the buyer strips.*

*Helen, no garter-imprint on her thighs
Set out her wares within a costlier place,
Bought towns and towers and heroes with her face,
Her agile body. Thetis rolls and sighs
Fleshily as the customer descends.
His chest is hairy, and the thinking ends.*

HAROLD V. WITT

Elegy for Mrs. Rose

*A sense of people paralyzed by news
on telephones prevails, flies stopped
and clocks magnetized, yet afternoon
is printed like a photograph, though bombs dropped.*

*There are sharp shadows at the lake edge
and silver circles of abandoned beer cans;
humming birds above her hawthorne hedge
whir like animate electric fans*

*But behind the lenses of her eyes
the season is shut off, and nothing stirs.
She does not share in our surprise
at sudden death, or meteors.*

Fantasia on a Theme by Freud

*Sink, piano, sink, to a landscape under sea
lower me down along your quavering wires
into a world more tune remote than the Mozart known
note by note when a child . . .
I ask beyond this sphere of my sealed self to see
moonfish flash
and shark blue-striped like a swift airship shift
suddenly into close-up ugly face and monster mouth
from which some subtle seaweed hangs . . .
Piano, sink, down deeper yet
where coral-red cathedrals rise
in sea-green skies . . .
descend to the place where dreams begin . . .
under some dark psychotic crag
make blinding bright
why so small a thing so deep
has such enormous eyes*

MALCOLM COWLEY

Gammon for Dinner

Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had
a hot gammon,
And they asked me in to dinner, to get the
beauty of it hot—
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME.

The Waste Land.

The beauty of it hot I hate to write about my own adventures and misadventures, but this time I'll set them down, because they belong to the record of American life in our time.

L'affaire Cowley started in the usual fashion, with the usual charges of communism and hints of terrific revelations to follow. Keep the termites out of our universities! Save our college girls! Granted the tragic background of this age and the fear just below the surface of our daily lives, it is curious that so much of the foreground should be occupied by outrageous farces and by episodes copied (wham, bing, zowie) from the comic strips. I don't see why one should waste one's time answering charges that aren't half believed by the chargers. I don't see why anyone accused of communist activities should flatter the accusers by trying to hide or apologize for anything in his past career. When I heard in 1949 that there were going to be political protests against my appointment as Walker-Ames visiting professor at the University of Washington, I sent a long letter to the university about the radical organization I had joined in the 1930's, when Hitler was the enemy. If those past affiliations, I said, "will prove embarrassing to the university, it would be wisest to call off our arrangement now, and fast. I have plenty to do this winter without crossing the continent and I have absolutely no wish to be a victim or a martyr."

The university wired back, "Emphatically desire that you come," and I took the westbound train, though with some fear I was making a blunder. On one point I needn't have worried. The first or political campaign against the visiting lecturer had been advertised with eight-column front-page headlines in the local newspapers, but before I reached Seattle it had pretty well collapsed. The charges weren't impressive in themselves, I clearly wasn't a communist and, since I had put my past activities on record, the newspapers had nothing left to reveal. But just before I took the train a second attack had started, and although the public heard less about it than the first or political attack, it proved to be much more serious.

The second or literary attack was based on the argument that the visiting lecturer was unfit to be heard by students at the University of Washington because he had written immoral poems. When I first heard the charge I thought it was preposterous. It was as if I was being given a course in British cookery: after a teatime dish of gooseberry fool they were serving me gammon for dinner: gammon in its secondary sense of "Humbug, deception; (int.) nonsense!"

The beauty of it hot . . . I had been writing poems for thirty years and most of them had appeared in magazines of general circulation. To the best of my knowledge nobody had ever written a letter to the editor asserting that one of my poems was immoral. Many of them had been reprinted in various anthologies for school and college use. I hadn't ever heard that a teacher complained because her pupils were encouraged to read them. Most of the poems were collected in one or another of two volumes of verse I published, in 1929 and 1941. The press-clipping bureaus had supplied me with copies of all the reviews and I didn't remember one of them that used such words as immorality or indecency. When I heard that such words were being used in Seattle I was amazed and said that people who thought the poems were immoral must live at a very high altitude, where water boils at a low temperature. But that was before I learned how carefully the second attack had been planned and how secretly it had been carried out. There was a moment, they told me, when the attackers had been very close to success.

So far as I have been able to get behind the midnight cloak of anonymity and secrecy that surrounded the attack, here is the story of the battle that was nearly won by the wrong side.

With the political campaign against the visiting lecturer on the point of collapsing, some person or group decided that he or they could still win the holy war by digging a mine beneath the enemy trenches. As painful as the experience must have been for him, a certain gentleman decided or was reputed to dig his way through my books with pick and shovel and miner's lantern. The notion was that he would find seditious or subversive statements that could be used as high explosives to blow a breach in my walls, or breeches. There were of course no such statements to be found. But the gentleman who excavated my books—we might call him Albert because that isn't his name—discovered something else he thought could be used against me. Albert found a dirty word; to be more accurate he found eight or ten words he thought were dirty; and he hurried back to his office with these trophies from his travels underground (Rowley, Cowley, gammon and spinach).

Now he was ready to proceed with the attack. The first step, so I

gather, was to ask his blushing stenographer to copy out the lines in which the dirty words occurred. The second step was to prepare a document—not a very long one—containing all the lines or stanzas from my poems which Albert regarded as being immoral or offensive. The third step was to distribute the document, under pledge of secrecy, to the officers of patriotic organizations and civic groups, including among others the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Council of Churches and the Parent Teachers Association. The fourth and final step was to tip off the newspapers and ask them if they didn't want to get statements from the official persons who had seen the documents. The newspapers did, and a few but by no means all of the official persons were willing to make statements without giving the defense a chance to reply.

I don't know how and will probably never learn why Albert, as we have called the anonymous gentleman, went to such pains to make trouble for someone he had never seen. It would take more conceit than I possess to think that Malcolm Cowley was important enough to justify this planned campaign; and so I assume that the real aims were those of some local struggle for political preferment, in which the poisoned arrows directed at me were also supposed to hit some other target. Albert himself was running no risk. Staying in the background, discreetly masked, he was expecting patriotic and civic organizations to rush into the breach for him, scale the crumbling walls and return to Albert with the head of the visiting lecturer.

And the scheme might have worked. The beauty of it was that there was only one defense against Albert's by now pretty famous document, which incidentally I have never been allowed to see. Friends on the university staff who have been permitted to steal a surreptitious glance at it tell me that it left its readers with the impression that *Blue Juniata* and *The Dry Season* combined in themselves all the outstanding qualities of Petronius, Aretino, Casanova, the Marquis de Sade and the *Memoirs of Fanny Hill*. I find that very hard to believe, and yet I know that the method of quotation out of context can be used to misrepresent the opinions of anyone who ever published a line of verse or prose. Merely by leaving out the right words and replacing them with asterisks, even *Mother Goose* has been transformed into a collection of salacious poems.

The one defense against the anonymous gentleman's method of partial quotation and misquotation was to have people read the poems as a whole. For several days, however, that defense was impossible in the case of the visiting lecturer. Except for the library copies, which Albert kept hidden in his office, there was apparently not a single copy of *Blue Juniata* or *The Dry Season* to be found in Seattle; and to make the problem still more dif-

ficult, the books were out of print. Finally the university managed to find copies of both volumes at the University of California library. As soon as they had been read by Robert B. Heilman, the head of the English department, he was able to visit the various organizations circularized by the gentleman, read them the poems as a whole instead of quoting single lines, and convince them that the two books were not in the least immoral. Thanks to Mr. Heilman what might have been a tragic drama, with corpses, ended for me in good-natured comedy.

The gammon was too hot and Albert burned his fingers when he tried to eat with them. I have been told on good authority that he was scolded by some of the political powers in the state for actions that might have seriously damaged the university. For the moment Albert is quiet. The visiting lecturer is safely home in Connecticut, but the situation in retrospect seems to him rather less comic than it did in Seattle. In spite of burning his fingers Albert found the effective method for attacking any writer who is asked to serve on a university staff: read his books, take a few words or phrases out of context, distribute them to the right organizations, and wham, bing, zowie! During the past few years there has been a movement toward bringing the academic world and the literary world closer together, but Albert's method could put a stop to that—unless every move toward suppression is fought as successfully as this recent one at the University of Washington. In our age of suspicion and intolerance we need more voices speaking for decency (not merely of language), good manners and good sense. HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME.

AUGUST KADOW

Fragment Attributed To Herodotus

*And it is said of that country that the people,
having built themselves stone paths and metal birds,
housed scrolls and epic poems in marble temples,
do now no longer travel nor read words.*

*And further it is said they wait in darkness
for an oracle where sounds and shadows run
and housed some say in halls and some in boxes,
that unlike us they rarely seek the sun.*

*And other things too numerous to mention,
but all reported to me second hand
so of their truthfulness I am uncertain
having myself not visited that land. . . .*

RICHARD EBERHART

Sestina

*I die, no matter what I do I die.
Is this the sum of what man has to do?
There is no use to fly to be at ease.
Man flies, but knows not what he does.
It is in war you want to be in peace.
In Heaven, in Heaven I want to be in Hell.*

*The mortal span to find out Heaven and Hell!
No matter what I have to do I die,
The gods comply to cancel you in peace.
Before this then what is it man should do?
And after, does it matter what he does?
Will Christ-like Christ then put him at his ease?*

*Will will will him his own, a fabled ease?
Will, some say, is the whole road to Hell.
But man is bound to Hell whatever he does.
No matter what he does he has to die.
It is the dying that you have to do
Defies the hyaline luster of the peace.*

*Despair has not the end in view of peace
Nor has desire the purposes of ease,
But action, while you live, is what's to do.
Thought is three crossed roads that lead to Hell,
Your thought is fatal and will make you die,
For thinking kills as much as action does.*

*It is not what he thinks, nor what he does
Nor what cold mystery of the Prince of Peace
Avails - no matter what I do I die,
May nothing, nothing put me at my ease
Except the reality of Heaven and Hell.
No one told me what I ought to do.*

*The scriptures told you what you ought to do.
They are unreasonable truth, and what man does
Believe when most he believes in Heaven and Hell.
That passes understanding, that is peace.
But sky-fallen man will not be put at ease.
I die, no matter what I do I die.*

*No matter what I do I have no peace.
No matter what man does he has no ease.
Heaven and Hell are changeless when I die.*

* * *

STEPHANE MALLARME

Chanson Bas, 8

La Marchande D'Habits
*Le vif oeil dont tu regardes
Jusques à leur contenu
Me sépare de mes hardes
Et comme un dieu je vais nu.*

The Old Clothes Woman
*Your sharp eye reaches
Down to my very stitches
Till I go stripped of clothes
Naked as a god goes.*

—trans. by Kenneth O. Hanson

The Third Doorman

Everyone was smiling except the man in the Cadillac. Pete, the new Second Doorman, was smiling as he swung open the car's backdoor, doubled at the waist, cried, "Good morning, sir. Welcome to the Miami-Ritz!" The four bellhops were smiling too as they trotted out to vie for the three pieces of luggage the chauffeur had unloaded from the trunk of the Cadillac.

"Good morning, sir! Welcome to the Miami-Ritz!"

"Welcome to the Miami-Ritz, sir!"

"WelcometaMiamiRitsuh!"

"Welcome"

"Screw, hey. Red and I saw him first."

"You say so."

And of course Tony the Superintendent of Service was smiling too, that indecent exposure of teeth that became even more shameful when one realized the teeth were his own. "Good morning, Mr. Stuyvesant! Welcome to the Miami-Ritz!" he cried, and the bellhops pouncing on the name chorused, "Good morning, Mr. Stevenson . . . Good morning, Mr. Stevens . . . Goodmorning MrStun . . ."

The man, too tall and angular ever to have been a child, emerged from the Cadillac ponderously as though from a great black mechanical womb, the newness of his attire and of the Cadillac's somberly gleaming doors lending credence to one's sense of witnessing the fruition of a modern immaculate conception. There was even an awful dignity in the way he tripped at the lobby entrance and fell flat on his face.

But the bellhops scurrying to tilt him upright failed to borrow any of his dignity, their fingers, ostensibly dusting him off, lapped thirstily like little pink tongues at his jingling pockets, and their eyes sought his solicitously. Mr. Dalrymple gliding forward to meet the new arrival stopped short with one limp hand raised in disjointed alarm, and Saul the Window Washer, from his high position on top of a ladder, expected to hear Mr. Dalrymple cry "Hark!" But Mr. Dalrymple stood speechless, as though waiting for someone to retract a tactless remark.

It was Tony the Superintendent of Service who spoke first. By covering his teeth he assumed an instantaneous appearance of grim, almost threatening concern as he said, "Mr. Stuyvesant, are you sure you're all right?"

The tall man flicked at his lapels and although he did not touch the bellhops the effect was almost as though he had brushed them off onto the floor. They stood there at his feet, facing him in a little half-circle with Tony the Superintendent of Service ever so slightly above them, awaiting his answer. "Awkward of me," the man said over their heads.

This statement, openly absolving the hotel from blame, was all that was required to set the Miami-Ritz service in motion again. Mr. Dalrymple glided forward with his unpredictable hands held tightly behind him for safe-keeping, stopped when his prominent nose was only an inch below his guest's. He wet his lips and some of the spittle became a fine spray as he spoke. "And a good good-morning to you, Mr. Stuyvesant," he said. "Welcome back to the Miami-Ritz."

The tall man looked at Mr. Dalrymple, at the tense little ring of bellhops, and finally at the scattered audience of curious guests, and for a brief moment it seemed to Saul the Window Washer as though everyone in the lobby had fallen flat on his face except this tall ugly man who stood patiently waiting for them to pull themselves together. "Hello, Dalrymple," the man said, and his high, narrow shoulders seemed frozen in a perpetual shrug as he stepped stiffly around Mr. Dalrymple and went to the reception desk. From his ladder Saul could see the girl's lips outlining the words, "Good morning, Mr. Stuyvesant, welcome to the Miami-Ritz," but he could not see that the tall man's lips moved at all.

"I can't find what the trouble is," Tony said. The Superintendent of Service was passing in and out of the lobby, approaching the low entrance step from various angles and at varying speeds. At each entrance he painstakingly tripped over the step, first with his left foot and then with his right, as though to find out whether it was possible to fall. Once or twice he did seem on the verge of toppling but by using his arms he managed to right himself in time. "I don't see how they do it," he said, shaking his head.

Mr. Dalrymple assumed a stance directly in Tony's path. "The step is too shallow," he said, speaking generally to the little group that had assembled at the lobby entrance. He held up one beautifully manicured hand with tapering thumb and forefinger extending horizontally and ever so slightly apart. "The step is not high enough," he said.

"I guess they couldn't make it higher, could they?" suggested a bellhop.

Mr. Dalrymple shook his head slowly. "I don't think that would be practical," he said.

Everyone studied the step.

"Maybe if you put up a sign," a bellhop said. "WATCH YOUR STEP or something like that."

Mr. Dalrymple smiled gently at the bellhop and shook his head. "One doesn't put a sign in a hotel doorway asking Guests to watch their step," he said. "Not in a first-class hotel."

The bellhop received this instruction with a series of thoughtful little nods of his head, and for a moment nobody spoke.

Mr. Dalrymple said, "I think I'll do it with flowers."

"Flowers!" Tony's large head swung towards Mr. Dalrymple.

"Yes, with flowers. A long window-box of flowers extending at a forty-five degree angle from each side of the step. It will have the effect of a kind of path leading to the entrance, and I hope it will make people more careful about where they step."

"I can't see it," Tony the Superintendent of Service said. "I can't see what good it will do cluttering up the place with more of your flowers. You've got the place looking like the leaning gardens of Pisa already with your flowers."

There was some truth in Tony's words, floral decoration did seem to be Mr. Dalrymple's special domain. He had had the entire lobby framed, at a height of about fifteen feet, by slender boxes of hanging ivy and various nondescript plants which he liked to describe to guests as "tropical importations." On every table he caused to be placed, each morning without fail, a large vase of flowers of strikingly unassimilated color and size. One never saw Mr. Albriton the Manager or Mr. Cox the other Assistant Manager, or even Mr. Fowler the Steward, paying any heed to flowers at all, but one of Saul's first Miami-Ritz memories, on his very first day at work, was of Mr. Dalrymple standing at the foot of a ladder directing with expressive hands a houseman's attempt to water a box of ivy without spilling water on the freshly painted pink-tinted walls. And the scene had been repeated almost daily thereafter.

"Flowers can be functional as well as beautiful," Mr. Dalrymple said, hiding his annoyance behind a smile.

"You said a mouthful," Tony said.

"What's this conflagration about?" Mr. Cox, who had recently attended a summer session at the Cornell School of Hotel Management, joined the group. "Somebody making book?"

Mr. Dalrymple spoke to Mr. Cox. "It's this step. Mr. Stuyvesant tripped on this step."

"Who's Mr. Stuyvesant?"

"Mr. Stuyvesant," Mr. Dalrymple said, "is one of our Guests." He wet his lips more eagerly than usual, as though in anticipation of his next remark. "Last year he took the Penthouse."

"Ohhhh," Mr. Cox said, with a note of awe that must have satisfied Mr. Dalrymple. "Ohhhh, I see. You say he tripped?"

Mr. Dalrymple's forefinger, pointing directly downward at the step, extended a full two inches below his knee.

"Something will have to be done about that step," Mr. Cox said.

"I think we'll do it with flowers," Mr. Dalrymple said. "A window-box of flowers extending at a forty-five degree . . ."

But at that moment the door to the Manager's office opened and Mr. Albriton stood in the doorway. Almost before Mr. Albriton beckoned, the two assistant managers were on their way across the lobby to make their report. The little group broke up busily. A bellhop said "Watch your step, please," to a Guest leaving the hotel, but by then the door to the Manager's Office had closed.

"They could carry them over."

Saul, whose mind had been preoccupied with less succinct thoughts, smiled down at the little man who stood at the foot of his ladder examining the step. "In a flower box maybe," Saul said.

The houseman nodded. Dressed in a black bow tie, starched white porter's jacket that was too long, and black trousers that were inches too short, he looked like an aged and dessicated zootsuiter. But his sharp dark face with the greying mustache was that of a preacher, and his tongue had a preacher's eloquence. "You can scape more chewing gum off these marble floors," he said, scraping at a wad of gum with his long-handled dustpan, "than you could off the boardwalk at Atlantic City, New Jersey."

"Are you from around there?"

"Naturally."

They worked in silence, the houseman sweeping cigarette butts and chewing gum wrappers into his dustpan, Saul sloshing fresh water on the windows he had neglected since the tall man's trip.

"Those windows get mighty dirty in this sea air," the little man said.

"They get dirty faster than I can clean them," Saul said.

"I know a colored boy, about your height, who could clean all the windows in this lobby in half an hour. Quicker than other people can clean that one window you're working on."

"You do?"

"He's studied the window-washing business, made it his regular profession. But would this hotel pay him the kind of wages he needs? No, they wouldn't pay him."

Saul shook his head. "They don't realize how much a man like that could save them in the long run," he said.

This sudden capitulation left the diminutive houseman wordless for a moment, but when he spoke his manner was warmer. "What do you use on them?" he asked.

"Use?"

"In your water."

"I use vinegar," Saul said.

"Vinegar," the man repeated, nodding. "This boy I mentioned to you a minute ago uses ammonia."

"Oh, does he?"

"Ammonia gives the glass a real bright sparkle. I wouldn't presume to give anybody advice on how to do his trade, any more than I'd want anybody to tell me how to do mine, but this boy I was telling you about says ammonia gives a window a real bright shine . . ."

"Harry . . ." Mr. Dalrymple was emerging from the Manager's Office, and the little houseman stopped his work respectfully and stood with his small hands folded around the long handle of his dustpan, waiting for Mr. Dalrymple to come up to him. "Harry, have you watered the plants yet this morning?"

"No sir, Mr. Sir, but I'm going to get around to it just as soon as I finish up my tidying."

"Well, I hope you won't . . ."

"There's just one little thing that's bothering me, Mr. Sir. I wonder if you could straighten me out on one thing."

"What's the trouble, Harry?"

"I just want to make sure whose supervision I'm under, you or that other Mr. Sir with the black hair."

"You mean Mr. Cox," Mr. Dalrymple said cautiously.

"That's the man, Mr. Sir," Harry said. "Now I'm wondering whose supervision I'm under, yours or the other Mr. Sir's. That man has a mighty hard time keeping his mind made up about what he wants done and when he wants it done. Is he going to be supervising me, Mr. Sir, or are you?"

Mr. Dalrymple was evasive. "Well, Mr. Cox is going to be working at night a good deal of the time. For a while anyway."

"I see. I just wanted to make sure whose supervision I was going to be under. That man has a mighty hard time making up his mind and keeping it made up."

"Well, I don't have a hard time making *my* mind up," Mr. Dalrymple said hopefully. "Will you water those plants soon, Harry?"

"Just as soon as I finish up my tidying, Mr. Sir," Harry said, moving off with his dustpan.

Mr. Dalrymple smiled up at Saul and Saul hoped there was a minimum of conspiracy in his own smile. There was an oppressive silence as he continued to work and Mr. Dalrymple tried to think of something to say. He decided on something and cleared his throat. "Your main job is keeping these windows clean, I guess," he said.

Saul wanted to let the remark pass quietly unnoticed, but he was aware of Mr. Dalrymple standing there unashamedly waiting for his reply. He dropped his sponge into his bucket and looked down at Mr. Dalrymple. "I'm the window washer," he said.

"Yes," Mr. Dalrymple said, and then his eyes lighted up. These windows get terribly dirty, don't they?"

"Yes, they do," Saul said. "The sea air does it."

He had stolen Mr. Dalrymple's next line and there was a long moment of silence. Then Mr. Dalrymple sniffed. "What do you use?" he asked.

"Vinegar."

"Is that about the best thing for cleaning windows?"

"No, a lot of people seem to think ammonia is better."

"Oh."

"Mr. Dalrymple," the reception clerk called.

"Coming," Mr. Dalrymple said, and with a little wave of his hand, whether of departure or arrival Saul could not be sure, he swept across the lobby. Saul climbed down to move his ladder over to the last section of the high windows, and then he climbed slowly up again, watching Pete the Second Doorman hurry off to do a chore for a lady Guest.

"You'll find the keys in the car," the lady called after Pete.

Running, Pete tipped his hat to the lady to show that he had heard. He found the keys to the Buick convertible and unlocked the trunk. For a moment the upper half of his body was hidden in the trunk and then he straightened up with two leather cases in his hands. He turned them over slowly, one at a time, studying them.

"Just the movie camera," the lady called. "Nothing else."

Pete put down one of the cases and pried open the lid of the other, peering into it. He looked at it for quite a while. Then he replaced the cover and set it down, picking up the other case. He peered into that one too. His face was growing red, almost as red as his large, heavy-wristed hands, and he turned his back to the terrace and the lady who stood there patiently waiting.

"Just my movie camera," the lady called again.

Pete said nothing.

"What's the other thing?" the lady called. "A radio?"

Pete still did not answer. He peered from one to the other of the two cases, and then suddenly he flipped the top back on one of them and placed it quickly inside the trunk, as though afraid that he might change his mind. He locked the trunk, replaced the key in the ignition, and trotted hastily back to the terrace. "Here you are, Ma'am," he said, smiling and tipping his cap.

The lady took the leather case and slipped a quarter into Pete's hand. "What's your name?" she asked.

Turning on the steps, Pete touched his cap. "Pete," he said.

"Thank you, Pete."

Pete's smile followed her, like a pet poodle, across the terrace and into the hotel. Then, as she passed from sight, it turned crookedly up to Saul and became a cynical grin. "Don't work too hard," Pete said.

"Don't worry."

Mr. Dalrymple seemed to be having a bit of trouble with two of his Guests. "We'd *like* to go over to the Normandy and ask them to stop working entirely," he was saying, "but unfortunately we cannot."

"We don't ask you to do that," the Guest said. "All we ask is that you move us up a little bit higher, away from the noise. Every morning they wake us up with their hammers and their yells."

"We wish we could accommodate you, Mr. Swartz," Mr. Dalrymple said, licking his lips, "but we have a limited number of rooms at our disposal and the Hotel is already filling up, as you can see. Rooms on the upper floors have been reserved by Guests for as much as a year in advance." He paused, adding with emphasis, "The Hotel has certain obligations to its steady Guests."

Mr. Swartz and his wife, with uncanny co-ordination, turned together toward the elevator. "I see, Mr. Dalrymple," Mr. Swartz said. "Thank you."

"Yes, *thanks*," Mrs. Swartz said.

"If there's anything else at all we can do to be of service to you," Mr. Dalrymple said, spreading his limp hands to express the wide range of services the Hotel wished to perform, "please call on us." When the Swartzes were safely tucked away in the elevator, he glided over to the desk, where Mr. Cox had been waiting to lend his assistance if needed. "I do wish," Mr. Dalrymple said, fanning himself gently with his pocket handkerchief, "that sixth-floor people wouldn't be so pushy. Will you believe it, that pair wanted to move to the *twelfth* floor."

"Sociable climbers," Mr. Cox said.

"One would think they had been visiting us for the past ten years."

Mr. Dalrymple said "ten years" as though he were speaking of generations. "This is only their second year, and last year--last year they stayed only one week! . . . 'We heard there were some vacant rooms on the twelfth floor,'" he mimicked, "'and we want to move up there.' In the future we'll have to have a strict understanding among the chambermaids that there will be no discussion of vacancies during duty hours. Soon *anyone* will want to be upstairs, if we don't put our foot down while the putting is good. It's a little like training a dog, a matter of precedent."

"You're right," Mr. Cox said, "it's a matter of precedent."

"And furthermore, it isn't good business to allow a sixth-floor person to move into a forty-dollar room. They stay a short enough time when they're only paying *thirty* dollars a day."

"You're right," Mr. Cox said. "You're entirely right."

"Harry . . ." Mr. Dalrymple called, and he hurried to catch the little houseman on his way out of the lobby.

The lady with the camera was back. She stood at the iron railing which divided the parking lot from the pool and cabanas, and she called out to Pete. "Pete," she said, and she held out the leather case to him. "This isn't my movie camera. It's my binoculars."

Pete came running over to her and, tipping his cap, he took the leather case. Once again he went through the ritual of taking the key from the ignition, opening the Buick's trunk, and peering inside. He exchanged the case, and trotted back to the lady. "I hope that's your movie camera this time," he said, handing her the case.

"It *must* be," she said. "My husband says we haven't *got* a radio in the trunk. Just the camera and the binoculars. So this must be my camera." She smiled at Pete and pushed a quarter into his hand. "Thank you, Pete."

Pete tipped his hat and smiled after her. He winked at Saul as Saul came down the ladder.

"Don't work too hard," Saul said.

There was a little clicking noise as Pete slipped the quarter into his pocket. "Don't worry," he said.

"Tony," Saul said to Tony the Superintendent of Service, "I'll bet you could use another good doorman out here. A Third Doorman."

"You want to be a doorman?"

"That's right."

"I could sure use one," Tony said, "but you'll have to speak to the Steward about that. The Steward does all the hiring and firing here."

"Thanks, Tony." Saul stepped off the ladder. Leaving his pail and

shammy to mark his progress along the window, he went around the hotel and through the Service entrance to the Male Employees' Washroom in the basement. Abram the Potato Peeler, a little man with a grey, shaved head and a grey shirt and grey trousers, was washing his hands in the only basin, so Saul leaned against the wall and waited for him to finish. The grey-clad man, hunched round-shouldered over the sink, was scrubbing his hands with what seemed unnatural intentness, and as he worked he made small moaning sounds through his nose. The two waiters reclining on canvas deck-chairs next to the urinal were watching the little man too. The bald one winked at Saul and jerked his head at the potato peeler. "Abram is a famous skin specialist," he explained. "He's sterilizing his hands for an important operation he's going to perform this afternoon, aren't you, Abram?"

Abram said nothing.

"He's an eye doctor," the other waiter said. "He's going to remove about a thousand eyes this afternoon, aren't you, Abram?"

Abram spoke without turning his head. "When we handle the food we must wash our hands," he said in a hoarse, heavily accented voice. "When we work in the kitchen we must be clean so when the people eat the food they don't get sick. We must wash our hands." He was finished with his ablutions now, and he dried his hands on the paper towels with the same fastidiousness that he had washed them. Then his stooped body turned sharply toward the door and, his eyes looking neither to left nor right, he hurried out of the washroom.

"What's eating him?" Saul asked.

"That's Abram the Potato Peeler," the bald waiter said with a laugh. "Abram spent the war in one of Hitler's rest camps."

"He had a due bill there," the other waiter said.

"If you think he's batty now, you should have seen him last year," said the bald waiter. "He wouldn't answer when you spoke to him last year. He wouldn't even let you call him Abram--he said his name was Heinrich!"

"He still does," the thin one said.

Saul turned on the water in the basin. "I thought the war was over five years ago," he said. "What's he afraid of now?"

"Who knows?" the bald waiter said. "Maybe he thinks the Turkish bath upstairs is a gas chamber, who knows?"

"Maybe he thinks Mr. Fowler is Hermann Goering," the thin one said, standing up. "And what the hell are you making yourself so pretty for?"

"I'm going in to see Mr. Fowler," Saul said. "When we handle the boss, we must wash our hands."

He left them enjoying a good laugh and threaded his way through dimly-lighted passages to an unventilated cubicle in the center of the basement. He entered the door which announced STEWARD'S OFFICE in large grey letters. "Mr. Fowler?"

"You want something?" The beefy man behind the desk glanced briefly at Saul, flicked the ash off his cigar.

"Tony suggested I speak to you, Mr. Fowler," Saul said, stepping up to the desk and looking down at Mr. Fowler. He concentrated on the curly grey eyebrows above the heavy face. "Tony's looking for a good Third Doorman."

"Meaning you?"

"Yes, Mr. Fowler."

Mr. Fowler's stubby forefinger tamped his cigar. "What was your name again?"

"Greenbaum," Saul said. "Saul Greenbaum."

Mr. Fowler looked up at Saul, and it seemed to Saul that only Mr. Fowler's gums were smiling. "Saul Greenbaum," he repeated. "Jesus, kid, couldn't you have found a better name than that?"

"Is there something wrong with my name, Mr. Fowler?" Saul asked.

"There's nothing wrong with it, Saul," Mr. Fowler said, and shrugged. "But with a name like that, you want to wait on the public?"

Saul leaned toward Mr. Fowler, over the desk. "I've never had any complaints before," he said.

"Before you go flying off the handle, Saul," Mr. Fowler said, raising his cigar in caution, "let me ask you a question. How do you think I became Steward at the second largest hotel on Miami Beach?"

"You tell me, Mr. Fowler," Saul said. "I can't imagine."

"All right, Saul," Mr. Fowler said, inhaling. "I'll tell you. One day I sat down and picked up the Miami telephone directory, and I thumbed through it until I found me a nice cleancut-sounding name. A nice cleancut-sounding name that would appeal to a Guest's ear, like Bob Fowler. Robert Fowler."

Saul took his hands off Mr. Fowler's desk. "What's so special about these Guests," he asked Mr. Fowler, "that we have to go around appealing to their ears?"

"There you go again, Saul," Mr. Fowler said, shaking his head. "Always leaping at the throat of an innocent party. You want to know what's so special about these Guests? What's so special about them is that this hotel and the other hotels on the beach are about the only resort hotels where they're welcome. And we try to give them the same atmosphere they'd have in any other hotel" The phone rang and Mr. Fowler turned to answer

it. "Yes? — Yes? — Yeah? — Oh, he did? — Mr. Stuyvesant? Too bad — Tough luck — Sure, sure — I'll send someone right up." Mr. Fowler replaced the phone. "That's a good job for you, Saul," he said.

"For me?"

"One of the Guests tripped on the front step," Mr. Fowler said. "Mr. Dalrymple wants a hand to carry some flowers out there, or some screwy thing. Like the job?"

"Delighted, Mr. Fowler," Saul said, turning away. "Thanks."

"And Saul," Mr. Fowler said to Saul's back. "You know who that Guest was, tripped on the front step?"

"Sure, Mr. Fowler," Saul said, "that was Mr. Stuyvesant. He took the Penthouse last year."

Mr. Fowler shook his head. "Wrong again, Saul, he said, grinning. "That was Morrie Silverman, P.S. 22, class of nineteen-eleven. I should know, I was there myself."

"Were you?" Saul said, turning again at the door. "I bet you two boys graduated at the head of your class."

Upstairs, Mr. Dalrymple was making final calculations before executing his floral design. He stood in the center of the lobby, one bony elbow upheld by one slender hand, his glance roving slowly over the flower boxes on the walls. "I think we can spare that one," he said to Saul, pointing boldly at a corner box, ". . . and that one."

"All right, Mr. Dalrymple," Saul said. "I'll get my ladder."

He got his ladder from the terrace, and he brought down the two boxes Mr. Dalrymple had selected. He carried them to the front step, where he placed them, at a forty-five degree angle, in line with Mr. Dalrymple's neat, pointed toe. "Is that all right, Mr. Dalrymple?"

"That's very good, Saul. Very good," Mr. Dalrymple said. ". . . Well, well, Mr. Stuyvesant!"

Mr. Stuyvesant loomed in the doorway. "Fixing up that step, Dalrymple?"

"Yes, Mr. Stuyvesant," said Mr. Dalrymple. "We're doing it with flowers."

"At a forty-five degree angle," Saul said.

"And you're helping him, boy?"

"That's right, Mr. Stuyvesant," Saul said, smiling up at Mr. Stuyvesant. "I'm getting in a little practice with doors, so maybe Mr. Dalrymple will want to make a Third Doorman out of me."

"What are you now?"

"I'm the window washer, Mr. Stuyvesant."

"What's your name, boy?"

"Cecil, Mr. Stuyvesant. Cecil A. Smith."

For just a moment he thought Mr. Stuyvesant would pat his head. But Mr. Stuyvesant's hand reached into a pocket, and it brought out a quarter. "Well, Cecil," he said, handing him the quarter, "I know you'll make Mr. Dalrymple a fine doorman. A fine one."

Cecil turned to face Mr. Dalrymple, and beyond Mr. Dalrymple he could see his ladder, standing tall and aloof at the edge of the terrace. Suddenly he wished with all his heart that he were on top of it now, looking down, but he knew by Mr. Dalrymple's welcoming smile that he would never be up there again.

CLINTON WILLIAMS

Ars Poetica

*much success in much poetry
consists in saying very much more
than one seems to say*

*turning trivia to fleeting apprehension
of complicated simplicities
from quickness to grave*

*ties neat upon a hanger
tea-leaves swirling down a drain
steps that pause on the apartment stairs
before they descend*

*dried pods drip winter from branches
A.T.&T. declares annual dividend
given the elbow
an outraged matron reiterates in the elevator*

*twist of understatement
textures of tone
dropped into the fishpond ripple the mind*

*out of this wash
this welter of things seen and things heard
much poetry extracts multiple intimations
of the simple word*

Two Poems by MARVIN SOLOMON

Phantasms

*There is a time in every life —
Along with swimming holes and Renfrew
Of the Mounted and Fourth of July Fireworks —
When we think we know more than philosophers do:*

*Those that caution stitches in time,
Haste makes waste, and early birds catch
The worm; we still
Set the inevitable match*

*To the inevitable firecracker, jump into
The swimming hole without seeing
The broken glass and hidden roots,
And follow Renfrew fleeing*

*Through all the taxes and traffic tickets
And time clocks in the land . . .
Philosophers and grandmothers
Are old and don't understand*

*Much about anything.
There is a life in every time
That stands by the swimming hole
And watches beautiful sky rockets climb*

*And spell out Renfrew
In all the colours you can think
Of and drift slowly down
Onto the pool and sink*

*Into the bottomless green
Of a bottomless summer . . . That waits
Always naked by the water
Till the last phantasm dissipates.*

MARVIN SOLOMON

Lorca

*Quietly sits Spain beside the sea:
The towns bake like floured loaves beneath the sun
Or bob like fishermen's floats in the heat;
The peasants sitting on the thresholds of hut and evening
Run their fingers through the soft hair of songs;
The celebrations are silent (whether it be
Salvos of castanets or guns, or stamping feet,
Or voices shrieking; whether it be
The popping of corks, or the exuberance of wine
Or ammunition — it is silent).
Quietly sits Spain beside the sea.*

*Quiet beneath the sierras, Granada,
Hoarding the Alhambra and the hill of gypsies;
Hardly a whisper of thirty-six
And the alborada of sun on the houses that morning,
And the man against the wall not yet white;
And the startled pigeons of gunfire
Wheeling in the stillness; and Lorca
Banked in the roses of death
Spilling all his life and wine away
Into the indifferent clays of the street.
Quiet beneath the sierras, Granada.*

*Quiet the days around the tambourine's rim,
Circular and still and unaccented;
Quiet the flamenco and the cante hondo —
The deep song of the south — the saeta;
Quiet the faint guitars translating
Love and infidelity, heroes and cowards —
The faint guitars translating Spain;
Quiet who tell of stars and peasants,
Warm winds and olive trees and sea —
Quieter than night and death
The faint guitars and Garcia Lorca.*

Frolics of the Fellaheen

It is true I have bad dreams, and lie awake nights thinking about arson and infanticide, larceny, rape and murder. It is true it soothes me to kick a dog and slap a woman, break windows and smash fenders; and I love to contemplate glaciers and volcanos, and all my best dreams are of dynamite.

I live in a quiet neighborhood, where I am known as a drunkard and a wife-beater. Two years ago a woman four blocks away was shot by her lover, last month the Jefferson boy was picked up for car theft, and we average a divorce a biennium, but year after year, day after day, I furnish the bread and butter gossip, the necessary continuum of corruption and violence in otherwise vegetable lives. It is widely predicted by women in housecoats and universally believed by gentlemen on the golf links I will come to a bad end; they little know I am already ended, and live on now historyless, civilized beyond civilization, one of the fellaheen.

Odd they think me a drunkard! I do not drink much—rarely more than six bottles of beer an evening, excepting on weekends. Merely enough to become happy or thoughtful, ecstatic or melancholy—any mood but the sullen boredom of my days. And I do not drink more than five or six nights a week—never in the morning or afternoon. Almost always I am home by 1:00, in bed by 2:00. True, Good Charles Johnson, the neighborhood spy who works in my office, spreads the word that I am sometimes late to work, always pallid, dull and shallow-breathing of mornings and drowsy of afternoons. It is common knowledge that I sleep after supper until eight or nine—as any biddy who comes to chatter at my wife can plainly see.

Dull honest belly-proud householders agree with their wives I'm a wastrel, and "it's only a matter of time, poor man, only a little more time." There is a gnawing tenseness in their hearts as they wait, gloating. They wake in the night hearing poetry roared in the alley, and rush to their windows, speculating greedily on whether swarms of policemen will presently rush out of the night tootling whistles, swinging sticks, and then yelping with pain as I turn ugly (as they know I would) pull a knife (they wouldn't put it past me) and slice blindly.

My wife will weep and tear her hair—even now, whenever her routine grows tedious, she weeps—and up and down the street they wait for the

progression they know so well: muffled voices of the heightening quarrel; the earth-transmitted thud of the floor colliding with furniture and flesh; whimpers and shrieks of little children; and then that thrilling moment of dead silence, and the front door flies open, she half-staggers onto the porch, turns, falls on her knees, screams "Please!" and then my swaying hulk is framed in the doorway, and the orange flame slashes the night before me, root-a-toot, root-a-toot-toot.

Often, I know, husbands and wives in pajamas whisper by their telephones, drooling with horror and glee—"shall we call Them *now*?"

It begins to wear on their nerves, for after five years my wife lives, with no more than an occasional strawberry on her cheek, and lives, moreover, with me; after five years I continue to hold a job, buy new cars, wear adequate clothes; after five years my hand does not tremble, and I never chase snakes down the avenue. (One summer I casually asked Good Charles if he had seen the bats at twilight, and the festival was prepped, and women who had not smiled in years sang as they washed the dishes, until after some weeks goodfolk could no longer deny that the silent dark shapes flitting through the neighborhood each evening most probably *were* bats.)

It is too bad that all these dear hearts and gentle people must be complicated by the sight of subtler damnations than thunderbolts and prison, asylums and death. That is what comes of ice cream when you're good, spanking when you're bad. Sometimes when quite drunk and benevolent I long to sacrifice myself to the myth of the good simple world, the easy absolute morality, and I howl my way homeward. Once I even tipped a garbage can. But in the end I get sleepy and forget them until, more bedraggled than usual, I creak into the office and see Good Charles preparing the latest bulletin on that Bad, Bad Man.

* * *

Ah well, they would almost be surprised, now, and genuinely shocked, if anything happened. As would I, for I no longer have much faith in dynamite . . .

* * *

Preachers and mothers would have an easier time of their cosmology if such as I grew gaunt and bony, if our wives and progeny wore rags and chewed dry bones, if the farmer and mechanic spat, refusing me bread and machines.

"How long," whines Charles in the toilet to fellow householders, "will Old Jonas put up with him? An hour late this morning—off a whole day last week. I swear he's only half-sober! See his eye? Red! You can't run a business with alcoholics!"

And the householders scowl as I lurch to my office—for I have an office, while pure hearts and honest stomachs are ranked in the open, row after row of enlisted men, identical. "Politics," they snarl. "But it won't last. He'll crack wide open. See how pale he is! He'll either throw a fit, or drop dead, or assault his secretary. Or steal. Any day now . . ."

They hate me for what I am, and hate me again, redoubled, because I do not hate them. They shudder with agonies of passion when, while joyfully exchanging boasts of the way they blasted from the trap on the sixteenth, or hit to the green on the long fifth in two, they sense I am behind them, listening, they turn, and see the half-smile on my face as I wait for them to finish that I may give them their morning orders. I do not play golf, but I do not hate golf, and so they must hate me. Why does James Rosycheek awake in the night chortling as his fingers tighten around my neck? Because one New Years he got Drunk—Stinking Drunk. It was his Adventure and around it grew at length a cycle of Homeric tales of his manifold confusions and complex nastiness. And one time at lunch he pulsed high, Shakespearean, narrating his glories, for at another table, behind him, were a covey of office quails, pert-chested and giggling. He was all Male, and felt it, and lost himself, even reinforcing the climactic with dim legends of fraternity beer "busts" where songs were sung. His position was beyond salvation by the time he noticed me at the counter, watching him in the mirror, listening.

"Disgrace to the company!" they whisper. "Suppose some customer should see him, bleary and sotted in some black reeking hole? How could they have confidence in Us? And it shows on a man—it always shows!"

The barbarian ever hates the over-civilized, for the fellah is ever more skillful at barbarism. Old Jonas is not one of their kind, nor of mine either; but where they fear him as what they want to be and never will, I respect him as what I would have been forty years sooner, but now would not want to be. Jonas is the Last Brute, union-hating, customer-skinning, competitor-kniving, employee-grinding. Jonas is one of those who stole continents and slaughtered nations, one of those we called Men fifty years ago. The Charles's and the James's wouldn't have the nerve: they'd bargain with unions, hire public-relations counsellors and personnel directors; their class is wasted with conscience and fear. But I can deal with Jonas, for I know the rules of his game, even if they do not fascinate me, and I am entirely without scruple. Perhaps once a month, for a brief moment, pure intellectual delight in his rules catches me up, and for fifteen minutes a month I am Attila the Hun—or better, Barabas the Black Jew of Malta. Then Jonas respects me—indeed, sometimes he is appalled, and that is why I am promoted above the Good People, though without effort of mine, or apparent interest.

Really, I am a sort of Jew, and it is as one I am hated. Especially because I do not cringe, because I am indifferent to the Evil that crawls fuming in the black pit that is my soul.

A great secret smile spreads inwardly—"perhaps—perhaps he'll get tuberculosis."

* * *

Even now, occasionally, while I sit half-asleep my eye wandering idly falls upon her, and a stream of horror climbs my spine, horror that this stranger should be in my home, and sit there knitting as if I were not a stranger. This? Is this my cook, my bed-mate, garden of my see, mother of my posterity? But who is she? Where did she come from? Why is she here?

Marriage is war. It's kill or be killed, eat or be eaten, enslave or be enslaved. Married free, men and women are everywhere in chains, and cannot be otherwise. Two plants in the same pot cannot be equal, nor two nations in the same world, nor two souls in the same house. Only games end in ties, and those only because they do not continue.

I estimate, from observation, that a happy marriage is one where the war is not decided before at least ten years: resistance so stubborn is honored even in defeat; easier victory engenders arrogance and tyranny.

I married a keen warrior, a proud and confident young matriarch. With drums and sennets she marched to the wars, declaring the crusade in the presence of God—"I do". Her mother had won, and her grandmother, and both her older sisters. Like a Mongol horde, there was only victory in her memory.

It is the more pitiful that I would neither fight nor surrender—I ignored the war. Which is not to say I avoided her forces; simply I never fought. Either her forces would sweep the field and find it empty (while I snored by the shores of sunny seas) or she would find me in a high castle, carousing inside while her siege-weapons broke themselves on unmanned walls.

When, after several years, I—of ennui, or frivolity, or cruelty, —met her, the war was over, and in an instant she lay prostrate. Not that her legions had softened—by my war, she found, was as unchristian as my peace. I did not mind her rules, I had never heard of the Hague Conference. I began by cutting her ground away, by admitting I had ceased to love her, to care if she departed or remained. With this, her main force, wasted as by a plague, she turned to guerilla actions—tears, nagging, and nastiness. And these usually irresistible female tactics I crushed by repeated clouts on the jaw. And—mind you—"repeated": *one* clout plays into their hands; you must be brutal by design, not impulse.

With that she went underground. Divorce she dares not, for she knows I would be swift and wicked, sell the house and bury the coins; she knows I would become a pauper before I would pay alimony. She dares not murder, for I am uninsured. She dares not leave, for she is, like most women, averse to labor, and long-used to luxuriant sloth in the suburbs.

Occasionally, as do peasants in the time of the nobility's high strength, or convicts in a prison, she revolts, hopelessly, and is blasted. And a black eye gives her no satisfaction, for she is not built in the martyr style.

Often, curious, I wondered if she really would submit, and what sort of woman she would be in defeat. Then, a year ago, quite by chance, while searching an obscure closet for a half-remembered pipe, I found a little box free of dust and inside, a bank book in her name and deposits totalling some hundreds of dollars. And it struck me, then, that household expenses had been high recently. I replaced the book and the box as I had found them, and pondered.

I had no hoard except our joint checking account. Come trouble and I would be trapped, unable to quit my job if strategy demanded such tactics. And so, from then, *my* expenses became heavy.

It is sad. At first, as surreptitious visits to the closet informed me, she bided her time. Then, as her clothes and our meals informed me, she began to skimp, laboriously saving pennies, and at a pitiful rate compared to its early rate, the account now crawls upward. But the former rate would have given her a competence in ten years; now if she saves to seventy she will die poor.

Little, vicious squirrels are we. We never discuss money.

* * *

So many years are gone! Nothing new happens anymore. I have not hoped a long while now, for I know there is nothing new, and if there were I wouldn't like it. I drawl out my days in languor, stupidity and spite, and spend an hour with beer in the evening musing softly upon such splendors as liquid-buttocked barmaids I do not desire, bronze horses offered as punch-board prizes, and—now and then—days gone, Charlemagne and Northumbria, and my own youth.

The boy is four, the girl two. My poor son! For you must not only, one day, go out and be wrecked on this world, but must, even when young, have thy life poisoned by the presence of a drunken father. And in you once again must I be born a fair child, dream splendidly in youth, and then be corrupted inwardly, stagnate, and at last have no more to boast of than a fine smile of contempt. You will survive it, but can I? And when you meet your defeat, then you will understand and look to me as the comrade you should have loved, but I will be long gone by then.

The girl I do not pity, but were I now two, I should someday love her, and perhaps not destroy her for ten, or even twelve years.

* * *

Yes, I have bad dreams, and by that alone I know I am not already dead. Who knows the shape of the future? Arson and infanticide, larceny rape and murder—who is to say I shall not be redeemed by hanging? Or I could work the joke on the other side of the street, and succeed Jonas—for he is within a year of making me junior partner—and thus assassinate eternally the shadow of the Just God still darkening the minds of Good Charles and his fellows. Oh, at thirty my potentialities for evil are still merely in the bud!

There is no zest in it. If I were to be a grand destroyer I would have begun younger. The dreams, now, are bad, ever bad. But what would you have me do?

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

Old Pew Everywhere

*The blind man's cane taps nearer in the night;
Even here in the upper room, stiffened at locks,
Darkened, we count each closer curb it knocks,
The measured revelation of our fright:
Because, sending him forth, we knew he might
Return and - one of ours - must be received.
Darkness the only way which he believed
Whose lightless eyes do not desire light,
No lock nor night can stop him. The black spot
Soft in his hand, he raps so hard upon
The door his crashing echoes everywhere -
Exits and entrances, none where he seems not.
Inexorable as an avenging son
He taps his cane up the familiar stair.*

Cat

*As before, the bird-call cry of a cat in heat,
Contralto quaver sobbed up from the entrails,
Reminds one: little kitty has relatives,
Large restless ones, moving on big soft feet*

*Ever so carefully, as if they hurt,
Or as if to make an undeliberate sound
Were to betray the demons rolling beneath
The accommodating fur. As before, the curt,*

*Hot, stabbing stares from out of shallow eyes,
Where demons glower before they return like fire
To the crooked tip of tail, dismay and derange
The ordered household where we civilize,*

*Beribbon and bell and give the best canned food
To any demons that we feed. I see
Her as once, rubbing against the furniture
Of jungles; I see her, sinuous and shrewd,*

*But burning herself like ignorant evil in the dark,
Looking for me, perhaps, who am not there,
I hope, pinching myself and looking twice
At her and the reassuring pinch's mark.*

*Dear puss, I have my own bad dreams, enough.
Rearrange yourself in furry marble repose
And all will be as before, I mean our mutual
Before. Let sleep—no dreams—the ancient stuff.*

*I remember once, when Tom lurked by the fence,
I opened the door a crack and on hands and knees
Gathered my breath and my guts for the old myarr,
Which rolled and gathered itself and me, intense,*

*To my chilled surprise, and more, which quickly unfroze
As the great cat leaped towards the door, which I slammed and locked,
And turned to stare in the mirror with terror, and more,
At the strange eye on either side of my nose.*

Ad Marginem

*It is midsummer here. The sun, so hot by day,
at night leaves a chill in the walls. I find it
difficult to remember the skilled geographers say
the seasons are all reversed where you are.*

*I hope you do not read this for news of the court.
There have been dissatisfactions, as you might
have expected. Count D. . . has raised horsemen & waits only
a favorable moment to enter the north provinces.
But I have no wit to treat military matters. That
I have left to yr ministers, who are schooled
in describing the movement of troops & the enemy's
latest devices. Nor have I any desire to affect
your intentions toward myself by an account of threat
to the kingdom or the prospect of bloody wars.
Those things I have not seen fit, My Lord, to report.*

*The dogwood is gone & now the ragwort flourishes.
When shall you visit yr home again? I have waited
through the snow of blossoms three seasons
& remember your promise to come when the pear tree
should bloom again. Three times I have read through
the works of the learned Fathers hoping for comfort
and now have begun the knobby Theophrastus
but find there only the vinegar of disappointment
distilled in a few memorable phrases.*

STANISLAUS JOYCE

Open Letter to Dr. Oliver Gogarty

Dear Gogarty:

America is very far away from Trieste, and when to that is added the fact that your article on my brother was sent on to me by a friend in Seattle on his return from a tour in Europe, it may not seem so strange that I am answering it only now after an interval of a couple of years. Moreover, my answer has been held up for six months by *The Saturday Review of Literature* and six months by another review. And yet I should like to answer it, for it is as full of absurdities as its author was, and apparently still is. Let me begin with the correction of some factual mistakes. You entitled your article "They think they know Joyce". As you are so sure you did, it would be advisable to try in any future article on him to be right at least occasionally about ascertainable facts.

My brother never taught in the Berlitz School in Paris. The name of the lady who financed him is not Wearing. She did not make him an allowances. My brother did not labour for a dozen years at *Ulysses* in Trieste. The offensive reference in *Dubliners*, the existence of which you doubt, was not to King Edward VII but to Queen Victoria. It was not "unlikely". I can quote it from memory: "Here is this chap come to the throne now after his bloody old bitch of a mother keeping him out of it till the man was grey." The objection was, as usual, to seeing in cold print what people in Dublin heard twenty times a day. The reference did not cause the thousand copies of *Dubliners* to be burnt because it was modified to its present form and passed by Maunsell's manager, Roberts. The grant from the Privy purse could not have influenced him in any way as it was made at least two years after *Dubliners* had been published. The grant was given by Sir Edmund Gosse at the suggestion of Yeats, and the purpose, as most people interested in my brother know, was to counteract very active German cultural propaganda in Zurich during the First World War. In return my brother organized and took part in dramatic performances, one of which was a production of *Riders to the Sea*. My brother had been the first to see the MS. of the play when Synge completed it in Paris, and a few years before the war had translated it into Italian and persuaded the Italian actor-manager, Sainati, to produce it. The project fell through owing to the opposition of Synge's heirs. My

brother's early ambition was to be a dramatist, and in Zurich he seized the opportunity to do what he had long wanted to do. The performance did not satisfy the British consul in Zurich, who was rude to him. Probably the consul was a patriotic Englishman and thought as you do—and as his counterparts in Dublin do—that the purpose of art is “to exalt and beautify life”, in his particular case, English life. Be that as it may, he and his consular group were very nasty, and their nastiness is a sufficient proof that my brother was not working to please the authorities from whom he had received his grant, but to do something he considered worth while from his point of view as an artist. His translation was published after the war in *Solario*, and the play attracted the attention of the great Duse, who began to study the part of the tragic mother, but I do not know whether in my brother's version or in Linati's.

It is equally false to insinuate that my brother was influenced in writing *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* by a precarious allowance from a rich lady which made it possible for him to live in comfort for the first time, and that it was, therefore, impossible for him to stop clowning since he had begun so successfully. It is false for at least three reasons: firstly, because *Ulysses* was planned and partly written in Trieste before the First World War and carried forward to the Nausicaa episode before he received the gift; secondly, because Miss Harriet Weaver (not Wearing) did not make him an allowance, but settled a very generous sum on him outright and unconditionally; and thirdly—at least so far as *Finnegans Wake* is concerned—because Miss Weaver, if I am rightly informed, liked it as little as I did.

All his long struggle proves beyond dispute that the motives you allege are not such as would have influence with my brother; but I fear that in Paris he guarded his heart less vigilantly against more subtle temptations—an overweening contempt for his readers and his critics, the bitter fruit of his triumph, and an overstrained application of a perfectly valid theory of dream language. He would not be the first innovator to fall a victim to his own spirit of innovation.

In likening my brother to Rimbaud, you are again barking up the wrong tree. My brother set himself a purpose when you and he were students, and never swerved from it till he died. Nothing could be more unlike the wavering figure of Rimbaud, who ceased to be a poet in his nonage to become a jack-of-all-trades. My brother was interested like a host of other people, in Rimbaud's gifted youth and his subsequent strange, adventurous, unhappy life. Had Rimbaud sufficient personality to influence anybody? I doubt whether my brother ever mentioned his name during the ten years of our life together in Trieste. You borrowed the idea from

Miss Mitchell, Russell's mischievous, russet-headed friend in Plato. She thought my brother "just like Rimbaud, you know", and did a caricature of him as a wild young poet with villanelles, rondeaux and ballades curling out of his head.

It is difficult to hold the balance between what you really do not know and what you are endeavoring to misrepresent. To come to the main point of your article, who do you think will believe that *Ulysses* is a "leg-pull"? That my brother worked on it for seven years in ill-health and poverty, refusing invitations to write short stories for magazines, on the verge of blindness, unperturbed by the din of war, fighting relentlessly with censors and the truculent leaders of massed prejudice, to perpetrate a "leg-pull"? Give your readers credit for a little horse-sense.

And, by the way, if the opinion of foreigners regarding my brother is of no importance, why quote at some length the opinion of a Swiss alienist? In any case it contains a palpable falsehood. He says he read *Ulysses* backwards with the same understanding as when reading straight on. Reversibly (as the lawyers say), if it is true some other alienist ought to take care of him. The fact is that the reputation of writers of the first rank is made as much abroad as at home, and some of them—Ibsen, Tolstoy, Turgenyev, Dostoevsky—can be read only by relatively few English-speaking people in the original. You were unlucky, however, to choose Dr. Jung as an example of sound common sense. He held *Ulysses* in no esteem when he wrote the passage you quote, but he has changed his mind since then, as he did in his admiration of his master Freud.

You assure your readers that "nobody in England takes Joyce to be a colossus". In *The Novel since 1939*, a publication of the British Council, Henry Reed writes: "Finally it must be remembered that Joyce's *Ulysses* has a central importance in English fiction today". Later he speaks of "the way in which *Ulysses* straddles across contemporary fiction". That is rather like the famed Colossus at Rhodes, isn't it? T. S. Eliot and Virginia Woolf would be more or less in agreement. So appreciative a critic as Powys, though not an American and not writing about my brother, in a passing mention of him says that he was one of Nietzsche's Higher Men of literature, and in a further allusion says that "modern literature has no one approaching Proust or Joyce for mere genius". But Gogarty says he was no colossus, and Gogarty is an honourable man.

Though it may be idle to dwell on personal criticism such as the statement that my brother "very nearly became a Jesuit", I will say, to be brief, that when my brother was sixteen, moral suasion was used by the highest Jesuit authorities in Ireland to induce him to enter their order. He refused to do so. He was married before the Registrar; his children

were not baptized; he died and was buried without the mumbled comforts of the Catholic Church. For calling a spade a spade he has few equals in any literature. In fine, he was about as near to becoming (and remaining) a Jesuit as your article is to the truth. In your view, is every man a Jesuit who is not a woolly thinker or who does not underrate a Church that dominated the history and culture of Europe for centuries? And you, unbeliever and scoffer, how do you stand so far on these crucial points?

You are an untrustworthy guide to my brother's life and character, but criticism of his work cannot be so easily answered, all criticism being so largely subjective. My brother's *Ulysses*, I see, is out of your reach, but his earlier work should be within it. For you the *Odyssey* is a fairy story for Noll—who, I note with some surprise, is no longer naughty in his second childhood—a tour of the wonders of the Ancient World, organized and conducted with a few slight mishaps due to inexperience by the Grecian ancestors of Thomas Cook and Son. Well, have it your way. All I wish to make clear is that for my brother it was much more than that. I will say, however, in passing, that there is no need for one to be a Sibyl in order to interpret *Ulysses*. It is admittedly a book with a key, but in many chapters the key is in the lock.

The purpose of art you declare by the way is "to build anew and magnify, to exalt and beautify life." The words are like familiar faces we have often seen before in suspect company. To illustrate your purer love of beauty, you quote a kind of parable of your rose garden. My brother, admiring it, asked you whether it was your revenge on the public, for which reason you consider him "a pre-damned soul". Bearing the much admired Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam in mind, it might admit of a less sinister interpretation, namely, that he thought you, being disgusted with the ugliness of Dublin life, took your revenge by living aloof from it in a garden of roses.

My brother, for his part, was not so easily stirred by common or garden manifestations of beauty. He left its trappings and chocolate box ideals to you and "poets of your ilk", as you phrase it. While still a student he had defined his object in an article on Mangan. He wrote:

"Beauty, the splendour of truth, is a gracious presence when the imagination contemplates intensely the truth of its own being or the visible world, and the spirit which proceeds out of truth and beauty is the holy spirit of joy. These are realities and these alone give and sustain life".

In spite of the youthful sententiousness (he was twenty then), he was endeavoring to define a position from which he never receded. But put to the test, do these words mean anything? I think they do. For example, is loyalty to a fallen chief not a fit subject for poetry? Does that senti-

ment not emerge from the discussion at the Christmas dinner-table in *A Portrait of the Artist* as keen emotionally as in an ode by Mangan at his best? Does the chapter of the boy Stephen's confession not sing like a poem by Verlaine repentant? Is there no beauty in dialogue in which each phrase fits and reveals a character perfectly while the conversation goes forward with its own purpose? Is there no "power of construction" in "The Dead," in which a crescendo of noise and merry-making is gradually worked up, to be shut off suddenly as by the closing of a door, sobered by the ghost of a memory of the dead that returns to shatter the happiness of the living? I mention only a few things within the reach of any reader with a mind above thrillers.

As for *Ulysses*, the 16th day of June 1904, "Bloomsday," is a kind of Judgment Day. A day of the Dead Past is reviewed in the light of the experience of a life-time: the judgment is the judgment of irony, the only one my brother allowed himself.

In those green years you wrote a lyric in the XVIII century style:

*"My love is dark but she is fair,
As fair as damask roses are;
As dark as woodland lake water
That mirrors every star."*

The first verse was so good that for a long time you could not find a continuation for it that satisfied you. But at that time there was no Dark Lady of your Lyric Love, or rather there were many dark ladies and a liberal sprinkling of blondes. This is, of course, a "poetic license" as old as lyric poetry itself, and no doubt harmless in the case of young poets, but it seems to me that as they grow older they persevere in it at their peril. They risk developing a personality with two facets, both of them false. Many poets besides Yeats have turned aside disdainfully to an Inisfree of the heart, and produced there poetry of haunting beauty, and for my poor part I certainly prefer it to much modern poetry, the ideal of which appears to be—to parody Coleridge—a perfectly commonplace emotion with a more than usual disorder. But there must inevitably be something unsubstantial in the work of such life-shy poets, their interest in the visible world being fictitious and shallow. For them, as for Yeats, truth is the dramatically most appropriate attitude and personality a mask. It is true that in his later poetry, Yeats' mask slips a little awry, and we catch glimpses of a not altogether unsuspected real countenance.

My brother's self-appointed task was to rescue literature from the hands of those who had made it a parody of life, from the "mummers", as he called them, and amongst the minor mummers you were one. I read

with some surprise that you are now on the side of the angels, and all for "sense and decency". I remember so well the time when you were all for nonsense and indecency. Have you become an honorary member of the Legion of Decency, by means of which the Catholic hierarchy would like to establish a censorship of intimidation in America as in Ireland, and have you forgotten "Landlord, Landlord, bring us some wine, saboo, saboo!", or the heart to heart talk between Medical Dick and Medicinal Davy, or the misadventures of Shimbad the Shailor with Rosalie, the Coal Quay whore? In fact, all your vast repertory of bawdry, one could hardly tell whether quite original or traditional English bawdry, picked up in the dressing-rooms at Cycle Races when you were on the turf, but so far outnumbering at that time the inspirations of your romantic muse, and so far surpassing them in real talent, that when you recited your serious poems, they sounded, coming from your mouth, like hypocritical parodies of the bawdy ones, and not the other way round as one would expect. The most casual scenes appeared to your mind as the theatres of so many violent sexual episodes, and casual objects as gross sexual symbols. No doubt you thought it was the naturalism of the Greeks. It was not. It was

*Kindly Irish of the Irish,
Neither Saxon nor . . . Hellenic.*

Why not become something real at seventy by recognizing yourself for what you are? Quite a number of readers of *Ulysses* prefer either Leopold Bloom or Malachi Mulligan to Stephen Dedalus, and on the principle that a live ass is better than a dead lion, real Irish is in any case preferable on phony Greek. After all obscenity is of divine origin. It was when God united the highest function of the body, and all its incalculable physical, emotional, and intellectual reactions, with the lowest eliminatory functions in one organ. That was God's little dirty joke, and all the others since speech began, yours of course included, have only been variations on that theme.

My brother tried to persuade you to have your rhymes printed, but you were by no means disposed to do so. In the end he recognized that your coarseness was not the blasphemy of a disillusioned idealist but the mask of cowardice of the spirit. You feared, he said, the lancet of his art as much as he feared that of your surgical art. He might have added envy to cowardice of spirit—a cowardice all the more surprising in one whose physical courage is beyond question. Not that I wish to blame you for having been envious in youth. All vigorous youth has its crude, coarse, envious impulses. Envy warms the bosoms of young poets much more

constantly than the love they sing of. But at some time or other one is supposed to grow up.

You had no relish for my company in those days in Dublin. You said there was only one freak in the family, and of course you were right. But there was not only one memory. Do you remember the day when you and my brother were quoting songs from Shakespeare's plays one against another? It was toward the beginning of your acquaintance, and you made such a vital pair in the drab streets of Dublin that one could be excused for having illusions. When my brother was reciting Autolycus' song, at the verse:

*"The white sheets bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king."*

you broke in with, "A quart of ale! A quart of milk is more in your line!" At that time my brother was still abstemious. He defended his right to appreciate the song with arguments, rather lamely I must admit, but you would not listen. You started forward petulantly, waving your hands and exclaiming, "Oh, I know all about that sort of thing—Aquinas and the rest of them!"

You had privily declared your intention of making a drunkard of him in order "to break his spirit." In fact you breathed your secret in Elwood's ear, and Elwood straightway blabbed it in my brother's. So he was forewarned, and he was old enough to take care of himself; but the good idea was yours, and your partial success must have been a source of great satisfaction to you, though dashed with a slight sense of disappointment owing to your utter failure to break his spirit.

A few years later, after I had joined my brother at Trieste, where he had settled down to regular work in great measure owing to my efforts, you wrote to him from Vienna. You had gone there to pursue your medical studies. The tone of your letter was sentimental. You missed, it said, "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that was still", and suggested that my brother should come and live in Vienna. He was at first inclined to entertain the suggestion, but I opposed it as forcibly as I could. I was Pretty Sure I Knew Gogarty—burly, bustling Gogarty, the Hyperborean, careless of temporalities, hail-fellow-well-met with everybody, the perfect fount of randy rhymes, honest lingo. In the end my brother decided not to accept your invitation. You must have been keenly disappointed, to judge by your unsigned letter in reply, the last, I think, that you wrote to my brother.

"Spitalgasse, 1.
Vienna, IX.

Is there any reason why your Ashplant shall not be made the centre of the collection in the "National Joyce Museum, Cabra"?

I am going to Dresden; when I come back I will arrange with you about the publication of my "Cock-crows".

Thanks for promising to see it through."

After the lapse of so many tragic years, the belated answer to your query is in the negative.

Yours as ever,
Stanislaus Joyce

18 January 1951.

HENRY TREECE

The Last Visitor

*I had thought he would stalk through the body's rooms
Magnificent in purple, bannered in sound
Of trumpets screaming on a rising wind;
Or, failing this, that his dark word would waft
From the setting sun over a tranquil sea
To where lovers lean on balustrades
Above the liliated garden, drowsy with lutes;
Or that he'd come with hooves as lamps were lit,
Or whining like a beggar in a hedge,
Or like a black dog scratching at the gate,
Or with a red eye, looking up from meat
As sow who'd eaten her nine farrow would.
Yet, when he stood before the door, I stared,
Not recognising power in greasy scarf
Or eminence in three days' growth of beard.
His broken nails disguised him; and for the scent
Of charnel house he shook out from his cap,
I should have turned and left him on the step.*

The Island

The gulls were screaming and swimming easily along the slowly rolling surface of the water. Streaks of white against the blue sea, darting and splashing in graceful frenzy. Sharp eruptions breaking the softly swelling surface. Wild and erratic. They glided in long smooth curves, whirled in tight circles high up, and hurled themselves at the patient sea. A mass of sound and fury, like a tornado that swirls recklessly as it moves slowly forward across the desert.

He stood at the edge of the water judging if they would reach him before the tide washed in his line. They were a hundred yards down the beach when he saw they wouldn't. He reeled in rapidly and ran into the surf. The long, slender pole bent under the powerful throw, straightened suddenly, and he fell headlong into a breaking wave. The sinker sailed far out with the leader turning lazily over and over, and the broken line trailing behind. He stood with the water dripping from him, and watched it hit in a faint white flash four hundred yards out. Cursing amiably, he reeled in and turned up the beach. It was the fourth rig he had lost today without a touch.

He walked slowly toward his gear, looking up and down the beach through the dancing heat. In the long miles of Fire Island a few summer colonies, like frontier settlements in a wilderness, break the land of empty dunes, wild cranberries, and driftwood. But here the barrenness is broken only by the Coast Guard station two miles to the west and the main station ten miles to the east at Moriches. Between them, the miles of nothing but empty beach, the long line of low sand hills burning hot from the constant summer sun and the scream of gulls.

It was brilliant under the late sun, with the light haze from the surf hiding the distance, the cool sea washing the searing sand, and the chaotic pattern of hard red streaking the ragged hillocks. He walked through the fantastic clusters of beams, hatch covers, cork, straw, seaweed, rotting dogfish, the ancient skeletons of forgotten catches lying in patches of hardened crude oil, alive on the narrow strip of sand and wiry grass, lonely and deserted.

South the ponderous roll of the sea; north the smooth stretch of Great South Bay. But here the bay narrows, and across the shallow neck the

mainland of flat marshes lies complacently behind the fragile barrier of the island. Year after year the barren ribbon of sand stands between the angry sea and the placid bay. But in hurricane years, the years of storm and trouble, the endless grey water sweeps over, and in the struggle the island is slowly disappearing.

He stopped by his pack and put his rod into the sand spike. Picking up his lunch he climbed the highest dune, sat down, and began to eat.

The bay lay in the heat like a mirror dotted with eggshells creeping over its polished surface. The restless sea rolled up long swells that broke lazily on the dazzling sand. The hills undulated through the curtain of heat and the leathery grass bent stiffly in the gentle breeze. As far as he looked outward the deep blue stretched unbroken.

He ate slowly, his knees drawn up, and listened to the deserted beach; the shrill gulls, the soft whisper of grass, and the ceaseless surf. As he ate he thought what strength and beauty there was in this melancholy bit of barren sand.

On the bay a small outboard motor boat approached the island, its wake stretching unbroken on the calm water back to Fred's boathouse. It was like an arm reaching relentlessly toward the island from the swamps of the mainland. He stood up and watched it. It glided into the shallows and a girl jumped out to run it into the sand. Dawn, he thought. Followed him again. Couldn't he ever break away? He turned and walked down the hill.

"Damn," he said aloud.

She came over the ridge and flopped down next to him as he baited his hook.

Propped on one arm she lay on her side, her long hair blowing softly in the breeze. She smiled at him.

"Had enough?" she said.

"What?" he said, looking at her as if she were a stranger.

She was a tall girl, fair and big-boned. She wasn't really pretty but in a simple blouse and skirt she was striking. A trifle too heavy for a bathing suit, the tight satin one she wore only accented her heaviness. A poor swimmer she was happier on the dance floor than a beach, and wanted no share of the island. And as he watched her he almost forgot where he was. It was always like this when they came to the island together, and the island began to slip from his grasp. It didn't seem to matter where they were together, it was always the same place, and when she came she brought the mainland with her.

"I came to get you, honey. The gang's over at Fred's."

He looked at the sun.

"It's early," he said.

"But I came all the way over to get you. Everybody's there."

"I don't feel like it right now."

"Come on, honey. Please. I came special."

"You didn't have to."

"Thanks."

"I'm sorry, but I told you I'd be late."

She rolled onto her stomach and looked hurt.

"Why do you always come to this smelly beach? What do you do over here anyway? There's nothing over here." She rolled back onto her side. "What's the matter anyway?"

"Nothing, hon," he said trying not to sound angry. "I just want to fish."

She watched him and began to smile. It was a warm smile; a smile that flowed all over you and closed you in. When she smiled he could feel the island moving swiftly from under him.

"You don't want me over here, do you Johnny?"

"Sure I do hon, but I like to fish and you don't."

"No you don't. Not that much. You don't come over here to fish, you fish to come over here." She turned onto her stomach again and began playing with the sand, letting it run from one hand to the other. "Sometimes I think you come over here alone like this just to get away from me. Oh yes you do; me and the others maybe. You better watch out there's lots of other fish."

He didn't answer and she sat up suddenly.

"But you won't get away. You can't unless I let you and I won't," she said.

"I come here to fish," he said angrily.

"Well you have, and it's getting late."

"I'm not ready to quit."

Grinning she rolled onto her back and said, "All right, I'll wait."

"Oh hell," he said suddenly. Before he could stop himself he said, "Oh hell!"

Well damn it why did she always have to be there?

"I'm sorry Anita, but . . ."

He went over and lay down beside her. Her damp hair blew against his face and he could feel the sun and spray on his back as he kissed her. Her suit was cold and the blanket was wet where she had been sitting and the wind gently blew sand over them.

He rolled onto his back and lay staring into the empty sky. A single cloud moved slowly very high and he could feel her eyes. Irritation squirmed through him; stranger's eyes. Her eyes destroyed the island. He lay there staring at nothing and smoking.

When he finished the cigarette, he got up and picked up the rod. She watched him as he started for the water.

"Johnny."

He stopped.

"Let's go back." she said.

"Not yet."

"It's late. I have to go home."

"Go ahead."

The gulls were still screaming in the distance and the dull pound of the surf filled the silence. He wondered if there was a school of fish under them.

"Alone?"

"I'm staying a while."

"But Johnny . . ."

"I didn't ask you to come."

She stared at him.

"I will then," she said. Picking up her cigarettes she turned to go. Then she smiled again.

"I'll be at the Tavern. You be there at nine-thirty or I might not wait."

He started down the beach again. Standing in the surf he cast angrily. When the line was taut he looked back. She was gone.

Water swirled up to his knees, flowing rhythmically in and out, cool and gentle. The empty sea and sky reached into the distance, and the lonely beach glowed in the sunset. The blood-red-purple of the sky dwarfed the man standing in the pale orange light of the fading sun. No sound but the beating surf. Only the sea and the sky and the emptiness.

As the light faded a solitary weakfish strayed to his squid and the sudden smash nearly jerked the rod from his relaxed grip. Instantly the sleepy twilight flamed into life. The static beach vibrated to the struggle of the man on the solid sand and the fish in the wandering sea. The long pole bent smoothly and the impersonal feel dragged the fish to the sand. The fish's iridescent sides flashed a soft blue and orange in the dying light. He held it for an instant, feeling the quivering flesh, hearing the blood in his ears, and gently placed it in the water, watching the swirl of sand where it vanished.

He fished for another hour until the night was a deep grey-black. The nights are cold on the island, and as he walked back over the cooling sand to his blanket, he picked up an armful of driftwood. He lit a fire and sat beside it drawing deeply on a cigarette as he stared at the shining sea.

The sea is very close at night. Everything is a vague shadow but the thin white ribbon of the surf shines far away and the sea sparkles in rippling waves in the path of the moon. The low dunes rise into the night and the island moves in.

He sat smoking until the fire had died to dull embers. Getting up, he collected his tackle, took off his bathing suit, and dressed. Picking up his rod, he climbed the nearest dune and stood looking across the narrow bay.

The mainland was a solid mass of lights, hundreds of glowing points reflected in the placid bay, unblinking in the sultry night. The hard red neon of Fred's Tavern on the beach reached toward the island and in the stillness the juke box carried faintly to him. They were all there in the hot bar or sitting on the porch looking at the island. She was waiting for him. He knew she would wait and a bitter pride flickered.

Farther back, away from the marshes, the faint glow of Five Corners diffused into the dark night. The houselights stared at him and headlights moved down the road to Fred's. Behind him the black sea called and a pale streak reached to the moon.

On the bay the faint grating of oars carried to the island through the stillness. It sounded like two boats and he wondered who was coming to the island this late. It might be fishermen, but more likely a beach party coming to overrun it. He looked once at the dark horizon over the Atlantic and then climbed down and started toward the landing.

His boat was a little way from the main landing and he cut through the bushes. The other boats had landed. He could hear many voices and the giggling of girls. It was a beach party. They were watching for him.

"His boat's still here."

"What the hell does he do over here alone?"

He stood still so they wouldn't hear him and then moved slowly ahead. He came out of the bushes near his boat. Someone was standing beside it.

"Johnny?"

"Hi Eddie, what's up?" he said.

Eddie stepped closer in the dark.

"Just a party. Anita's waiting for you at Fred's."

"Yeh."

"Yeh. She told me to tell you if you were still here."

"Thanks."

"Why'nt you get her and the others and come on back. You can bring some beer."

"Not tonight Eddie."

"Okay. Anyhow I told you."

"Yeh."

"She said to tell you she'd be at the Tavern later." Eddie turned to go. "Pete De Vasto's there too."

He rowed easily, resting often and staring at the low shadow of the island. He could see the blaze of their fire as he glided over the shallow bay. So Pete was there. They wouldn't let him go. What did he care about Pete. He'd taken her from Pete, or maybe she had left Pete for him, it didn't make much difference, it all came out the same. Let him have her if she wanted to go back. Tonight he was staying in the cabin. But they wouldn't let him alone.

He left the boat at his dock and walked along the empty road past the lighted houses. The cabin was quiet and dark between two that blazed with light and sound. He put his tackle away and sat on the steps listening to the night. Over the nearby voices and the distant motors rising and falling the night whispered to him.

Going inside he turned on the radio and cooked a can of soup. As he ate he read the paper and half-listened to the droning radio. He washed the dishes slowly and then began to read again and the noise from Five Corners drifted through the night. He read the same page three times and shut the book. He tried to think of something to do and the loneliness crept through him. One drink wouldn't hurt. Why should he shut himself up because of her waiting there in the tavern? Throwing his old clothes into a corner, he put on a white shirt and slacks and went out.

The road was dark until a car flashed by lighting the night. He walked in the closed-in night toward Five Corners. The Tavern was a mass of light surrounded by a wall of cars. She was there in the noise and smoke. Why did she take it? All the trouble he caused and she came back. Was she that sure? How much longer would he have to wait for escape? How many times had he walked along this road, the Tavern squatting like an enveloping monster at the end, and formed speeches of finality; words to break the grip she held. Tonight he again tried to build phrases that would send her away and leave him alone to himself. Perhaps tonight would be the time. Perhaps tonight she was sick of the constant hide and seek that was cutting him. Perhaps he knew it wasn't. She would always be there in one form or another.

Loud shouts and laughter rose over the monotonous beat of the drum and harsh blare of the dance band. Through the windows he could see the mass of bodies pushing around the dance floor.

Turn and go back to the empty cabin. That was the only way. The decision was his. For her it made no difference. She just sat in the tavern like a priest in a temple, gathering the supplicants. With her they were all the same; with her he was part of everyone.

As he walked in, the noise gripped him and he saw her through the smoke. Suddenly he remembered the fish, its bright sides flashing in the sea. He had forgotten the fish.

He walked over to where she sat at the bar.

"I'm sorry honey. I didn't know it was so late. I . . ."

As he talked he looked up at the mirror behind the bar, and for an instant he couldn't see himself. Panic rushed over him. Where was he? Then he saw her figure over his shoulder, smiling, and the noise swelled around him.

MASON JORDAN MASON

My Famous Countryman

*Henry was a real one
his head like a rock*

*I heard tell once
he was nine feet tall*

*He was born like a man
as hairy as a bull*

*He could whip a grown panther
with his plain naked hands*

*But John Henry had a weakness
he was sweet on the skirts*

*I heard tell once
this made his life a misery*

*I reckon it was true alright
I found that out myself*

JAMES WRIGHT

The Garden of Paradise

(Patscherkofel, Igls, Innsbruck, 5 Jan., 1953)

*It was a northern garden where the seeds
Were sown for anything but tropic wonder:
Decadent purple orchids pooled in reeds
Were inconceivable; and slim green thunder
Slitting the swollen skin of fungus was
A nightmare sickening other latitudes.
For we were gardened pure in silver woods
Where sinless fingers slid along the stone
To prove globular fruits of ripened snow.
We named only the prints of animals,
The northern wolf, the unexotic hare.
We talked with God; if that is what you do
When long feathers of rose float over the air
And drag a voice down the gray gorge's lung.
We numbered paradise in glacial walls.*

*No snake was near,
Whose luring could have kept us where we were,
If we had moved our feet a yard or so
To reaches where that trackless round of snow
Curved down to earth once more.
We could have trodden air
And ruled the lands of earth in lieu of God,
And printed regally the silken floor
Of cloud.*

*O Eva, Eva, bride,
Why should the garden leave the mountain side?
Behind us lost in lunar paradise
The mountains strode like angels
Guarding the superhuman radiance
And glaring coldly down the depths where we were gone.
I did not even look into your eyes.
Suddenly I was hungry, it was cold.
It was too late to talk about the world.
Satanas skied with laughter down the air,
You hung a thorn of ice among your hair,
And the dark shook desolately under me.
I could not even see above that earth
What god had cast us forth.*

Three Poems by THOMAS McGRATH

The Rioting Grave

*A calm like glass across November fields
Reflects the frozen movement of dead flowers.
A dying sun darkens the stubble. Hours
Stiffen to clock-work in the ticking folds
Of Autumn afternoons. Now all things old,
All things completed, drowsing in shadow, fall
Like mummies into time. But you, poor fool,
Confound the calendar and enter now*

*Your furious cold summer. So, though winter house
The wind-lost seed immortal you arouse
Terrible awake into the nameless new
Season—but that trick any fool may know
In time: to make a fool of time who are Time's fool.
It is cold comfort to the quick who feel
How the grave will riot under covering snow,
Though calm as glass the winter fields may lie.*

The Trouble With the Times

*In this town the shops are all the same:
Bread, bullets, the usual flowers
Are sold but no one—no one, no one
Has a shop for angels,
No one sells orchid bread, no one
A silver bullet to kill a king.*

*No one in this town has heard
Of fox-fire rosaries—instead
They have catechisms of filthy shirts,
And their god goes by on crutches
In the stench of exhaust fumes and dirty stories.*

*No one is opening—even on credit—
A shop for the replacement of lost years.
No one sells treasure maps. No one
Retails a poem at so much per love.*

No. *It is necessary*
To go down to the river where the bums at evening
Assemble their histories like cancelled stamps.
There you may find, perhaps, the purple
Weather, for nothing; the blue
Apples, free; the reddest
Antelope, coming down to drink at the river,
Given away.

Judge Tantrum Foote Lays Down the Law

In a dark pall of innocence, the judge
Stains the light of morning with ideal
Guilt. The revolutionaries
Enter. Imaginary, but real,

Their crime is merely symbolic of
The dreams of workers in the final hour
Of a long shift: When the boss lies dead
Against the wall and all the power

Is theirs. Abstract and odorless,
Is the blood upon the learned hands
Of the Court, who straight proclaims it theirs,
And all society's sins compounds

Upon their heads. Involved, he must
Dispense his guilt. They may not mock
The ritual until the day the judge
Looks up to find himself upon the dock.

Mr. Trilling Sees It Through—Almost

The function of criticism at the present time, as Mr. Trilling has for many years understood, is still, "in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is;" and then somehow to relate this disinterested vision to our social experience and political life, for "to organize a new union between our political ideas and our imagination—in all our cultural purview there is no work more necessary." The anticlimactic sentence which follows this one in Mr. Trilling's essay on "The Function of the Little Magazine"* is not, I think, really comic: "It is to this work that *Partisan Review* has devoted itself for more than a decade." Tragic, rather. What can poor old foolish PR do?—of course. But to try, at least, is the human responsibility, to chart a direction, nor'-by-nor'east will do, and then stand manly at the helm; to navigate by mind, especially into the storm, teeth of the gale, the irrational night; to repudiate, that is, Ahab, to see the terror but place a boundary against it. Yet to see the terror. That too is Mr. Trilling's point.

His most recent book can be thought of as a critical version of *The Middle of the Journey*. "Essays on Literature and Society" written as occasional pieces during the last decade, they hang together as a general though unsystematic critique of "The Liberal Imagination:" to see the Crooms as in themselves they really are, as Arnold tried to see Mill and Carpenter and Bright. And from Arnold's position, not Newman's or Hopkins'; not Eliot's nor Monsignor Sheen's, but from one's own secular place.

Mr. Trilling's approach is imaginative—I suppose one must say "literary"—rather than historical. It can be understood in tragic terms: ideal liberalism, "a large tendency rather than a concise body of doctrine," a "vision of general enlargement and freedom and rational direction of human life," subverted by liberalism as fact—brought low, really low. The flaw is Aristotelian, the peripety arranged "not by vice or depravity, but by some error or frailty." The hero is the good but superficial man, Emersonian, who has sometimes courteously acknowledged the "demons" that everywhere conspire against his goodness, but only blandly to continue to ignore them, or to try, in a very frenzy of silliness, to domesticate them: unconscious

*Lionel Trilling, *The Liberal Imagination: Essays on Literature and Society*, Viking, 1950. Doubleday, Anchor Books, 1953. Also, by implication, *Matthew Arnold*, 1939, and *The Middle of the Journey*, 1947.

insolence, hybris. The flaw is denominated in Mr. Trilling's sentence on Parrington: "Yet he had after all but a limited sense of what constitutes a difficulty." To use the clinical, then, rather than the tragic metaphor: this optical limitation can be understood as endemic, a kind of psychosomatic myopia, the most obvious symptom in the syndrome of the liberal temperament, which "unconsciously limits its view of the world to what it can deal with," at the same time developing theories to justify its limitation:

Its characteristic paradox appears again, and in another form, for in the very interests of its primal act of imagination . . . it drifts toward a denial of the emotions and the imagination.

The penalty for such a denial, this visual disability, is critically dramatized: liberalism, having first sacrificed imagination to mind, finally sacrifices mind to will (Parrington, proposed as characteristic, "expresses the chronic American belief that there exists an opposition between reality and mind and that one must enlist oneself in the party of reality"), capitulates to Ahab with Starbuck, prefers Dreiser's relaxed nihilism to James's strenuous humanism, becomes at last the Crooms of Trilling's novel—all prefigured in the strange case of Christina Light (her light, lucidity, smothered in the princess, power):

Inevitably, of course, the great irony of her fate is that the more passionately she seeks reality and the happier she becomes in her belief that she is close to it, the further removed she is . . . She is, in short, the very embodiment of the modern will which masks itself in virtue, making itself appear harmless, the will that hates itself and finds its manifestations guilty and is able to exist only if it operates in the name of virtue, that despises the variety and modulations of the human story and longs for an absolute humanity, which is but another way of saying a nothingness.

This progress is our fate. "Moral realism," the Jamesian insight, secular not Christian, is its proper historian. Freud too had it: his concept of personality embraced at once the Romantic awareness of the "night side of life" and the Enlightenment's vision of the possibility of control through understanding. Moral realism is the mind in tension, embracing opposites in the precarious equilibrium that can so quickly become intolerable.

It is in such a manner that Mr. Trilling proceeds, and on the whole his imaginative license seems to sanction the bold gesture of generalization and the metaphorical idiom. But Mr. Trilling in proposing to deal with liberalism is working with the stuff of history, and I am troubled by his apparent indifference to the complex drama of historical liberalism, with its at once pathetic and terrible—now that we have arrived where we have arrived—dramatis personae: Montesquieu, Voltaire; Shelley, Mill, Emerson; Guizot, Gladstone, Hoover even.

What do these names suggest? In the realm of power: liberalism as a rationalization of class rule, either trying frankly to realize itself in government, as in the French Directory and the July Monarchy, or proposing to neutralize political control in the interest of an unofficial tyranny, as in the Anglo-American tradition; and in both instances "democracy" with its paternalistic drive the natural antithesis: Prometheus as Napoleon, First or Third; Cavour becoming Bismarck; Ahab. In the realm of thought: liberalism as anarchistic idealism, the anarchy implicit in Mill, explicit in Emerson. This intellectual tradition can be thought of as an unconscious conspiracy against all political and social and finally moral structures (trust the inner voice even though it be the devil's, Emerson said), and the flaw then emerges—"limited sense of what constitutes a difficulty" indeed—as a failure of the socio-political imagination. Or say simply that liberalism has had none. As Mr. Trilling's Arnold understood, and Carlyle and Burke before him, the intellectual liberals expressed political disorganization as an ideal, and Bakunin was only their logical extreme. Now the liberal *Weltanschauung* seems to have very nearly incapacitated us for either successful adjustment or disciplined opposition to the total and absolute social organization which is becoming everywhere a fact. And the liberal is tempted by the final fatal cynicism: that the historical period which produced him was perhaps after all only a brief transitional phase between an old form of social organization and a new one ("what rough beast") now being born, and liberal thought hardly more than a symptom of gestation, like a compulsive craving for pickles.

Confronted by this cynicism in the persons of the Crooms and Clifford Maxim, John Laskell of *The Middle of the Journey* resists, but in his resistance manages to seem one of the most helpless and pathetic heroes in modern fiction. The novel itself, however, boldly defined and faced the difficulty. This new book does not, and so does not quite keep the promise of its title and preface, unless Mr. Trilling's little note of congratulation to *Partisan Review* is to be taken as fulfillment.

Mr. Trilling's position as literary critic can be defined, not very surprisingly, more or less in Arnold's terms. Literature is altogether serious, useful, humane, a "criticism of life"—let there be no more nonsense about the "affective fallacy." It is a Voice ("a man speaking to men"):

What underlies all success in poetry, what is even more important than the shape of the poem or its wit of metaphor, is the poet's voice. It either gives us confidence in what is being said or it tells us that we do not need to listen.

And what the Voice shapes for utterance is ideas:

No anxious exercise of aesthetic theory can make the ideas of, say, Blake and Lawrence other than what they are intended to be—ideas relating to action and to moral judgment.

So, as to method:

The elements of art are not limited to the world of art. They reach into life, and whatever extraneous knowledge of them we gain—for example, by research into the historical context of the work—may quicken our feelings for the work itself and even enter legitimately into those feelings.

I find myself in general agreement with most of this, and cannot doubt the value of re-establishing such an emphasis in contemporary criticism. I even sympathize with the note of impatience sometimes heard in these passages; but when Mr. Trilling grows quarrelsome on what I think is not really an issue, I do not approve. I am sure that he is perfectly aware of the usefulness of formalistic criticism, and knows that his real allies are in the Kenyon rather than the De Voto school of criticism. Yet he carries on what strikes me as a quite fruitless debate with Professors Warren and Welles (I think he has to misrepresent their intention and emphasis in order to do so); and is capable of being unfair even to himself, as when in a passage of his essay on Kipling he implies that there is some kind of corporate conspiracy against poetry of "low intensity," and that "Crabbe, Cowper, and Scott are rejected because they are not Donne or Hopkins or Mr. Eliot himself"—A Hillyerism if I ever saw one. Surely Mr. Trilling knows that Crabbe, Cowper, and Scott are "rejected" simply because they are not very good poets, and Donne, Hopkins, and Eliot "accepted" because they are very good indeed.

A very sensible man—I am sure he would willingly permit an association with the Johnsonian temper—Mr. Trilling sometimes reveals the characteristic limitation of common sense: an impatience with the necessary refinements of theoretical thought. So, we are given this statement on Freud's method in an essay written in 1940:

For, of all mental systems, the Freudian psychology is the one which makes poetry indigenous to the very constitution of the mind . . . it was left for Freud to discover how, in a scientific age, we still feel and think in figurative formations, and to create, what psychoanalysis is, a science of tropes, of metaphor and its variants, synecdoche.

But in "The Meaning of a Literary Idea" of 1949, in which Mr. Trilling is expressing his Johnsonian impatience with narrow formalistic distinctions ("I never shall forget the alacrity with which Johnson answered, striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, till he rebounded from it, 'I refute it thus'.") he announces that the pleasure he gets from the *Outline of Psychoanalysis* is "no doubt different from" but also similar to

(the "literary idea" is after all no less than everything) his enjoyment of a Yeats couplet, for reason that "intellectual cogency" itself provides an aesthetic affect. Then the *Critique of Pure Reason* is a poem. But no. Freud's mode of expression is different in kind from Kant's, and somewhat similar to that of Yeats, and Mr. Trilling knew why in 1940:

Freud has not merely naturalized poetry; he has discovered its status as a pioneer settler, and he sees it as a method of thought.

And has been "forced to use it in the very shaping of his own science." This method of thought, then, is literature's distinction and the proper object of our study, "as in itself it really is"—evasive, tortured, ambiguous, and honest—therefore important. It makes the Voice and is the Voice and the Voice is nowhere else, and to say that the Voice "is even more important than the shape of the poem" seems to me to say only that the shape of the poem is more important than the shape of the poem.

Of course Mr. Trilling really knows this; and the difference between his way of dealing with the Intimations Ode and that of Mr. Cleanth Brooks is chiefly that of the aspect emphasized—aspect of the organizing theme, Mr. Brooks imagery and detail of metric. Beyond this the difference is only the old one, of perceptivity and good sense. Mr. Trilling is never silly. On the particular work of literary art (or on something as far removed from it as the Kinsey Report) I would rather read him than almost anyone else.

A NOTE ON OSBORN ANDREAS

Mr. Andreas's book on James* gives us once more the unhappy spectacle of the commentator tearing the carpet to shreds in search of the figure, and is pertinent in a postscript to demonstrate that when the "voice" or "idea" is taken to be more than the whole shape of the thing it is almost sure to turn out to be a good deal less. "Is it (the figure) a kind of esoteric message?" James's critic asked; and the novelist: "Ah my dear fellow, it can't be described in cheap journalese." But the labor of Mr. Andreas never extends to the esoteric, all his sweat is wrung out over the obvious: James believed in "consideration for others," hated "emotional cannibalism," discovered ("one of the great surprises in the history of fiction") that love can be destructive, etc., etc. It is in the interest of such stuff that we have been given, by a university press, this relentless reduction of the great conscious mass of James to the low platitudinous level of synopsis.

Like Mr. Trilling, Mr. Andreas believes that literature is useful. James's "idea," very simply, has bearing upon "economic imperialism, unlimited national sovereignty, national isolationism, trade barriers . . . the

* Osborn Andreas, *Henry James and the Expanding Horizon*, University of Washington Press, 1948.

treatment of Negroes in America," etc. In what way? Why, he was a consciousness-expander; and Mr. Andreas pounding away at this theme makes James sound like something stamped with a registration number of the United States Patent Office.

Now Mr. Trilling has observed that "if it could be conclusively demonstrated" by external evidence that James intended "his books to be understood as pleas for co-operatives, labor unions, better housing, and more equitable taxation," the American liberal would still be worried by him because of James's "electric qualities of mind." What these qualities made possible was James's moral realism, which I must understand as meaning his full awareness of the *inescapable* conditions of the human predicament. Thus the careful attention given, say, to Kate Croy's family history (Andreas: "—we are not sure that she is anything better than a common little swindler."), as well as to Hyacinth Robinson's (Andreas: "The tragic suicide of Hyacinth Robinson . . . was due to Hyacinth's unjustifiable meddling in his own life."); and to the inner circumstance: "The Prince looked down in his gravity. 'Everything's terrible, cara—in the heart of man.' " So the most tremendous of his heroines, Maggie Verver, who seems pure love and is pure will, must be felt as at once monster and saint: her terrible, terrible rightness (Mr. Andreas: "Adequate critical reflection . . . will enable a responsible reader to comprehend the resplendent loveliness of Maggie and her friends").

Mr. Andreas, who is certainly "liberal," thoroughly well-intentioned and thoroughly innocent of history, is untroubled by James's "electric qualities of mind" because he is unaware of the issue of those qualities, tragic irony; and would find it shocking, not "useful," if he understood it. The way to get rid of such a vision is to destroy it; and destruction is precisely the result of Mr. Andreas's method, which can be understood as an unconscious parody on an approach Mr. Trilling sometimes too carelessly defines.

We are returned, then, to Mr. Trilling's own discussion of James in his essay on *The Princess Casamassima*. In many ways it is the most satisfactory piece in the collection, but the final comment on Hyacinth's meaning, which Mr. Trilling conceives so much more richly than Mr. Andreas, troubles me. "By his death," he writes, "he instructs us in the nature of civilized life (life in the liberal bourgeois state) and by his consciousness he transcends it" (like poor Billy Budd?). Well, certainly he grimly instructs us (although hardly in Mr. Andreas's terms); but is not his "transcendence" after all inseparable from the paralysis of will in which the lesson of his own "instruction" has resulted, the point of the lesson being the fundamental contradiction in the life Mr. Trilling calls civilized? What

is the nature of the "transcendence," what satisfaction is it supposed to provide? None, I think, for Hyacinth; for "transcendence" write "no way out." The transcendence, which I suppose is nearly a serviceable word as catharsis, is in James's vision and his whole articulation, not his hero's: the tragic view of life. Which may, in our time, be John Laskell's only real alternative to despair. And Mr. Trilling's too. And ours.

BOBB DAVIS

For You, Ann

*I live a stone's throw from a scattered fan in
rain opening the clouds the sea breeze brings
like laundry to a party. You have brought me
your surprised mortality and the thought of*

*shadows repeating themselves upon the pattern
of history. General Jackson and his iron horse
writhe in black clockwork on the passive square
while the distant fire of cameras marks them down.*

*The earth's most living sailors pose against
this backdrop. The wars and focus change and
fitted for the iron mask of a second's immortality
they remember to hold deadly still and smile.*

*Casualty as the rain comes nibbling at iron
grapes, an appetite returning forever like a
starving man who cannot eat, we have worn away
the earth with the plowing shadow of history,*

*we have spent rigid hours beating our faces
into plow-shares while the sword needled
the message into our arms. We have worked
like pioneer women furiously working samplers:*

*Work And Accumulate, and the word of the cosmos
is Build and Destroy. I know where they lie:
ten acres of growing stone in a wild mow-meadow
trampled only by rain, and their union preserved.*

Tower and Horn: Piece After Poulenc

*Whose mother dead of contagious
childbirth blue bloated Ophelia
floating between destiny that was
punishment white faced flower*

*for remembrance and for elegy
contends bloodless and in battle
flacked, astigmat above the sleepless
bed this bearing cross and bed;*

*the elegist is dead. There
bar-arrow the stricken sword pointing
to his stigmata the matador
lies by the puzzled bull.*

*(Whatever else he was he was
beautiful) and in their conversation
the horned hands, the piano asking
why was this, repeating why was this*

*answered in the ninth memory of the
violin: it just was. Leave it. It
just was. Precious of life a glitter
of gold and dance spilling in*

*kisses that wake him to the
world, white in the dark explode
the womens' hands extended to the gold
calf-image. No hero ever dies*

*no story ends. Beauty is beauty, the
beast is always the beast and coaxed
from the tunnel of their love he kills
and dies and new doors open and he dies*

*again. Worlds twiddle to this
blunt roses on rising, falling horns:
the town is taller than the tower
and Priam greater than his sons.*

The Modern World and the Political Shakespeare

When one thinks of Shakespeare in the nineteenth century with its bardolatry, its travelling companies of players touring a raw and untutored West in the wake of the earliest settlers, the mental picture is strengthened by the knowledge that an expansive and diffusive American democracy was creating its own ideological folk-lore of a democratic Shakespeare, a supreme master who spoke out nobly and heroically for the new free individual within the limits imposed upon him by the age in which he lived. So Melville, who would have met him on the streets of New York and talked freely and democratically with him, man to man. Thus Whitman, who at one time felt that Shakespeare's histories concealed a cryptic message for the future concerning the tyrannies of absolutism and the divine right of kings.

Our own age, for reasons which will be suggested in what follows, has approached critically and analytically a good many of the firmly held conceptions of an idealistic and agrarian past and is finding a different, and a perhaps more realistic, approach to the meaning of the political Shakespeare. As we slowly outgrow or modify Turnerian myths of American "uniqueness", we gain firmer insight and understanding of the world in which we live and our relationship to it. We view our cultural heritage against the background of a Western Civilization which is not restricted by the geographic boundary of an American mountain range.

These remarks are by way of introduction to a new appraisal of one aspect of Shakespeare's meaning as set forth at length in Brents Stirling's *The Populace in Shakespeare*.^{*} Mr. Stirling is as concerned with literature and society as were any of the nineteenth century American critics and interpreters (both his opening and concluding chapters are provocative essays upon the subject which might well be printed separately), but he has no illusions that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," as he is prompt to tell his readers.

Mr. Stirling's thesis is a logical and no doubt inevitable extension of the scholarly investigations of historical patterns in Shakespeare's age, work which has become particularly associated with the names of E. M. W. Tillyard and Lily B. Campbell. Professor Tillyard has demonstrated conclusively the significance of class stratification under the Tudors as a

^{*}Columbia University Press, 1949. \$3.00.

factor in shaping Elizabethan imaginative writing, and Miss Campbell has presented the fullest evidence and documentation of the Elizabethan practice of selecting historical episodes to serve as commentary upon contemporary political issues. In her recent *Shakespeare's Histories, Mirrors of Elizabethan Policy* she writes, "each of the Shakespeare histories serves a special purpose in elucidating a political problem of Elizabeth's day and in bringing to bear upon this problem the accepted political philosophy of the Tudors." Mr. Stirling has thus taken the logical next step by exploring the themes of equalitarian revolt and class conflict, resulting from such highly stratified society, as they appear in the work of Shakespeare.

There is logic in Mr. Stirling's assumption that the mind of an age is more likely to be shaped by popularizations of political theory than by the learned works of political theorists or historians themselves. The late J. M. Keynes was less well known than were his "New Deal" popularizers. For every reader of Marx there are dozens of readers of Marxist primers. For every reader of Reinhold Niebuhr, of Kierkegaard, of Spengler, of Toynbee, there are thousands who receive some portion of their doctrines, without knowledge of the source, through press, radio, and popular periodicals. So, too, in the age of Elizabeth, pulpit and pamphlet served as the agencies through which orthodox political theory filtered downward to the populace. And Mr. Stirling has performed a valuable service in assembling an overwhelming mass of popular evidence to demonstrate the conservative fear of social change which resulted in the tension that could not be resolved by the philosophical recognition of mutability.

Strictly speaking, there is nothing really new in Mr. Stirling's "new interpretation." It has long been recognized by students of Shakespeare that the Martinist controversy, the homilies on a subject's obedience to be read from the pulpit by royal command, the continuing pamphlet warfare against equalitarianism, all played their part in shaping opinion against threatened social change and are reflected in the conservative fear and distrust of the populace in Shakespeare's plays. But no one has ever before brought to bear upon the problem such an overwhelming array of evidence to prove that the anti-democratic Cade scenes in the *Henry VI* plays, in *Julius Caesar*, in *Coriolanus*, are the result of conservative fears of the threat to order and stability offered by the exaggerated dangers of theological schismatics and sectarianism. Nor has the position of Shakespeare been previously so well clarified by a comparison with other dramatists and poets who have concerned themselves with the same themes. These will be recognized as valuable contributions to Shakespearean scholarship.

The many sects against whom the Bishops waged unremitting warfare, known inclusively as Puritans, appeared to threaten order and degree in the

state insofar as they threatened the English church of which the sovereign was head. Men like Cooper, who plays a considerable part in Mr. Stirling's book, had none of the sweet reasonableness or the judicious calm of the inestimable Hooker in his *Ecclesiastical Polity*. The Martinists, the Brownists, the minor sects of non-conformists, met the attacks with protestations of loyalty to the sovereign and by denials of their intent to promulgate an archaic program of equalitarian leveling. They were answered, however, with the charge that "the Puritans, by their platform of Reformation, seek the utter ruin and subversion of Lady Elizabeth, her crown and dignity."

When Henry V tells his soldiers on the eve of Agincourt that "every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own," he was expressing good Tudor doctrine. Duty implied adherence to the sovereign and his church. The subject's soul was his own only insofar as he was responsible for his own sin; no freedom of conscience in religious matters was implied. Therefore, it mattered little how many protestations of loyalty the dissenter might make. In the orthodox view sedition was implicit in the challenge to episcopacy. Mr. Stirling has pointed to the effectiveness of the age-old technique of guilt by association through which conservative critics of dissent continually linked Elizabethan dissenters with traditionally reprehensible leaders of social revolts like Wat Tyler, John Ball, Jack Cade, and others.

The ideal order is that expressed by Shakespeare on numerous occasions: in the speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury comparing the well ordered state to a busy hive of honeybees, again in the speech upon degree in *Troilus and Cressida*, or in the gardeners' speeches from *Richard II*. "I this infer," asserts the Archbishop in *Henry V*:

*That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously.
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark . . .*

Mr. Stirling's book assumes an understanding on the part of the reader of much of the earlier scholarship that has only been mentioned in this review. With that understanding, one can appreciate that not the least of the merits of his book is the number of parallels which may be drawn between the present and an age not unlike our own. One may extend, that is to say, parallels from the past to the present very much as Shakespeare and his contemporaries did in their own time. Mr. Stirling writes:

Publicizing of the bishop's position apparently had flowered into confusion of all nonconforming sects so far as public opinion was concerned. Martinist disclaiming Brownist, Brownist attacking Puritan, and moderate Puritan rejecting Martinist—what more advantageous

tangle could there have been for the forces who were endeavoring to blanket them all under an archaic program derived from the Anabaptists? Historical parallels to this sort of recrimination and disclaimer should not be hard to draw, and they may be left mercifully to the reader.

The Age of Shakespeare had not yet emerged into a "brave new world" anymore than has our own. But the birth pains were severe, as they are today, and Mr. Stirling is quite correct in seeing the beginnings of the revolution which came in the seventeenth century with the Civil Wars and the Commonwealth. The truth of the matter is that the highly stratified ideal of a static order could not last, and in fear of the populace, expressed widely in the drama of the day, that knowledge is implicit though unexpressed. Tudor absolutism with its sovereign the vice-regent of God on earth was as tight a system as is practical, as opposed to theoretical, Marxism in our own day. To my knowledge attention has never been drawn to the curious parallel with events of our own time which exists in the famous trial scene of Scroop, Grey, and Cambridge in the second act of *Henry V*. With the evidence of treason before them, the three conspirators make some extraordinary confessions, confessions which are only understandable in the context of the ideal of Elizabethan order. Scroop declares:

*Our purposes God justly hath discovered,
And I repent my fault more than my death,
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price for it.*

But Grey exceeds this protestation in his confession which follows:

*Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.*

Again one need not do more than provide a reminder of some statements made in Moscow in 1936. One Reingold confessed: "I fully admit my guilt. It is not for me to plead mercy." One Pickel asserted: "The last eight years of my life have been years of baseness, years of terrible, nightmarish deeds. I must bear my deserved punishment."

It is unnecessary to press the parallel since it is at best suggestive. The point is that we can see why Mr. Stirling's book is pertinent to our age with its concentration of economic and political power and its creation of a new folk-lore of centralization, as we leave the agrarian phase of the American experiment far behind us. And we return once more to the remarks which appear at the beginning of this review. It is easier now to understand why the nineteenth century interpreted Shakespeare biographically, in democratic

and individualistic terms. Emerson, who would have cut the throat of a cow (the state) if it had interfered with him while he walked across a field in which it was pastured, could never have found an interpretation of Shakespeare like that of Mr. Stirling in the Concord world he inhabited, and the reason is obvious. Eras of concentration share common fears, and for this recognition the imaginative and perceptive reader will be grateful to Professor Stirling for something more than an extremely capable work of scholarship.

WILLIAM HULL

The Dogcatcher's Got Old Ez

*Our eyes have seen shames and rankly shunned
the grosser vision, blessed failure, numbed.
But this takes the caking heart, strips it.
Tolerance is no becoming suit. Rip it!*

*The dogcatcher's got old Ez, no longer a terror:
it's riskable to visit caged confounded error.
 bring a box of fruit to buy
 what do you how do you where do you why
 maybe an article maybe a book
 certainly a ten pound Ezra look
How are the mighty split for the buzzers to suck
the oozing honey out of tragic luck.*

*So harried, gyved so, still the canticle writes
(partly screened in the common room while pad
the sullen crafty eyes of the curious mad)
o what honey that pen hives!*

*You Yeats, Eliot, Conrad, Joyce, find
these gaily gadding, these sipping winkers,
these little reaming well-wrought tinkers,
muddle their meddling minds, haunt them blind!*

THIS DOG IS NOT DEAD

JOSEPHINE MILES — Two Poems

Attribution

*Many accidents of flesh
Happen to my own.
And the gross cause of accident
Remains unknown.*

*I would not believe
I could keep so near
Young misfortune
And not see it clear.*

*But so ever the mystery
Of disaster was made
By nymph in the forest
And Olympian god.*

*And now ever accident
Breaks and is laid
At the long cathedral
Of the personal head.*

Absolute Man

*The best to say for a hard-bitten man
With a cleft chin is
His will's in the right direction.*

*He doesn't blow cold and crow
Blow hot and cry
But goes and again goes in the same direction.*

*The absolute man he is
With a nose for an east breeze,
And one ear mossy ever.*

Two Poems by THOMAS COLE

Rounds of Spring

for William Kinter

*Once when the earth was green and slowly turning
With other planets in their silver courses
They made a happy singing in the world.
Nor day nor night their music never faltered:
Theirs was a special balanced universe.
Saints walked the earth where fear now stalks the air,
What fire was kept was held against the cold.
And death was more than living out a life.*

*Nature in her equal atmospheres
Turned light to dark and darkness into light
And made extreme the separate temperatures
But never harmed the stillness of the world.
When clouds were scudded into cooler airs
The thunder roared approval through the skies
Spilling its waters to expectant fields.
But now when thunder speaks there is no rain.*

*And once—how many turnings of the earth ago?—
A special garden blessed this special sphere
Where every necessary fruit was found:
Sweet fruits to feed the wildest thing in peace.
Two naked lovers found their happiness
Together in that paradisaal place.
Theirs was an envious gift, but lightly held:
What poles crossed to make their apple fall?*

*How many happinesses end in war . . .
Marked with a goodness that is most unique,
Denied so few things that our gift will last,
We dare the wrath of heaven to prove our strength.
Cities fall, the seasons foul their cycles,
Death comes a reaper when the seed is sown,
And before the apple turns to blood
The tree is blasted and its shade is done.*

*Now as we circle nearer to the fire
Flames burn us; the summer atmospheres
Fall to the sea, and all earth's waters spiral
To the sun, leaving the bottoms of the oceans
Bare: bright coral is the only blooming
Flower graced by the fins of fish, its only
Thorns. And we are like the storm's wrack
Scattered on shores where once the green sea fell.*

The Green Arms of Summer

*And summer's agile arms are agile yet:
What things are green are greened within those arms.
Even the reddest flower has felt the sap.*

*Fields thick with clover or any country weed
Turn blue to green where greenness meets the sky.
And nighttime only deepens greener skies.*

*The apple bough is white green at the start,
And rowdy cardinals within the boughs
Hide in rusted green when fall appears.*

*The hedgerow breaks the grayness of the rain
And mists the atmosphere. Beyond the stoop,
Alice takes her refuge in green shade.*

The Poems of Christopher Smart

In Volume Three of *The English Poets* Thomas Henry Ward in 1895 includes part of Smart's *Song to David* and comments on the fact that this poem, the only one of Smart's poems that is well known, was not included in the posthumous collection published in 1791. Ward continues by saying that *The Song to David* is unique in Eighteenth Century English poetry and that though it has a great appearance of symmetry, it is ill-arranged and out of proportion. Smart's other poems to Ward are "a curious assemblage of quite worthless verses" such as "might be expected from a facile and uninspired versifier" of his time.

"Christopher Smart deserves to be better known, primarily because the best of his poetry is excellently done and deserving of consideration," remark Messrs. Ainsworth and Noyes in *Christopher Smart: a Biographical and Critical Study* (1943).

The main reason for the difficulty of knowing Smart and his work is the fact that it has hitherto been so hard to get hold of his poems. This difficulty bids fair to be obviated because of the appearance in 1949 and 1950 of the two publications here being reviewed. These are *The Collected Poems of Christopher Smart*, published in two volumes in the revived *Muses Library* by the Harvard University Press, and *Poems by Christopher Smart* by the Princeton University Press.

Neither one of these publications gives the complete poems of Smart. Robert Brittain who edits the Princeton volume is frankly offering a selection, and he does offer a sampling of all of Smart's work except his translation of Horace—and this is a serious lack. He also omits the Phaedrus.

Both editions quote enough of Smart's poems written prior to 1763, the date of the publication of *The Song to David*, to show that Smart had been thinking for sometime the thoughts that converge in his great poem, and to disprove the contention that *The Song to David* is unique in thought. Mr. Brittain makes a careful analysis of *The Song to David* and shows that the symmetry in that poem is not overdone, nor is the poem ill-arranged, as Ward had asserted.

I am convinced that Horace had a strong direct influence on Smart, who was a careful student of Horace and caught a good deal of Horace's attitude toward life and poetry. Smart made two complete translations of

Horace in prose (1756) which served English school boys as a "trot" down into the '70's of the Nineteenth Century, and one in verse (1767). This latter was published in a beautiful four volume edition. It has the Latin text opposite the Smart's English verse rendering and at the bottom of the pages, Smart's prose translation. One of the best things in Smart's verse translation of Horace is a rendition of "The Epistle to the Pislos," commonly known as "The Art of Poetry" in octosyllabic couplets. It is strange that this translation is very little known, since it is a very good one.

Many of Smart's minor poems are not, in my opinion, imitations of Gay and Prior as Ward alleges in the work already cited, but direct imitations of Horace, and many of them are in English as Horace in Latin.

Smart was not "a facile and uninspired versifier" of the middle of the Eighteenth Century, as Ward holds, but shows many signs of a forward look. Of course, he is usually regarded as one of the minor pre-romantics, but I see in him something more than this.

Consider the following two quotations. The first is from Smart's *Jubilate Agno* first published in 1939 from a manuscript now in the library of Harvard University. This work seems to be a combination of a commonplace book, a collection of experiments in verse and some complete poems. The quotation I am using is from p. XLV of Voume One of Mr. Callan's edition and reads as follows: "For my talent is to give an impression upon words by punching, that where the reader casts his eye upon 'em, he takes up the image from the mould which I have made." This looks to me like an anticipation of the practice of certain poets of our own time and of remarks of certain Twentieth Century critics.

The second quotation referred to above is from Smart's *Preface* to his verse translation of Horace and reads as follows (I again quote from the same page of Mr. Callan's edition): "Besides the *curiosa felicitas*, so much of Horace by himself, there is another poetical excellence which though possessed in a degree by every great genius, is exceeding in one lyric to surpass: I mean the beauty, force, and vehemence of *Impression*, which leads me to a rare and entertaining subject, not anywhere (I think) insisted on by others.

"*Impression*, then, is a talent or gift of Almighty God, by which a genius is empowered to throw an emphasis on a word or a sentence in such-wise that it cannot escape any reader of sheer good sense, and true critical sagacity. This power will sometimes keep it through the mechanism of a prose translation; especially in scripture, for in justice to truth and everlasting pre-eminence, we must confess this virtue to be far more powerful and abundant in the sacred writings."

The two passages just quoted suggest to me that for a man supposedly just recovering from insanity, Smart had a considerable degree of insight and critical acumen, and, as I said before, that he was anticipating modern notions.

The religious feeling in *The Song to David* is overwhelming, and one finds the same strain in many of Smart's earlier poems, notably the Seatonian series. Smart was keenly and fervidly Christian, and one finds this clearly in the works which make up the greater part of Mr. Callan's second volume. Pages 385 to 785 of this volume comprise Smart's translation of the Psalms of David. Here Smart's Christianity leads him to adapt the Old Testament Psalm book completely to a Christian point of view and to give turns of expression and thought quite impossible to an ancient Hebrew poet.

Of these two collections of Smart's poems I should recommend Mr. Brittain's for the general reader. Both are very attractively set up.

Two Poems by HELEN SCALES CRESCENT

The Rust in the Vein

*This loam makes of the axle of air
the sumac
or the meek excellent lamb:*

*Takes cities, boxed in taxes
and rooms of rustics,*

and lets phlox fall:

*Turns, as a mole, to the elm:
Or roots in some arbor
and makes of the ropes, a prop*

*to girdle the onyx ones.
Ensorcelled, the zones broke
who of Ixion loaned the sun . . .*

*And the lakes lay like rose hips
occurring in some cellar.*

*The parrots crease their eyes.
The crews caress crows,
crisp as breaking rocks*

turning like a key in their excursions

*And of the razed roses, a track
as of an arrow
or of laughing sails.*

The Night Before the Wedding

*Tonight to say goodbye to what supposed
Or thought, or read out of a book,
Or in the tangled continent met with. —
What was imagined in the pumpkin fields.
Goodbye, too, to the princes,
And call mice mice.*

*Nor try to talk away
The scullery or the chimney-soot,
Nor contemplate the planned and builded streets
As if some god had made them out of mind.
Nor talk to birds who cannot answer me.*

*Nor will I say the evil sisters are
The necessary robbers of my joy,
Nor that the whisker is another thing than whisker
That this mouse cleanses with a careful paw.*

*God's face I cannot see. And if I see
The perfectly-gear'd daisies on their stem,
I see also the spade that curried them
In an old man's gardening bone.*

*Yet there is change at midnight or before.
But I will not escape the long stairs down
Leaving transparent slippers on the floor.*

Milton and Alex Comfort

The title of Alex Comfort's philosophical novel *On This Side Nothing* (Viking, 1949) may at first seem awkward and enigmatic. Yet in choosing this title, Comfort has tried, openly and quite conventionally, to give his readers an unmistakable clue to his artistic intention. He has used a quotation from *Paradise Lost* to define his major theme, much as Steinbeck used Satan's phrase "In dubious Battel. . ." to clarify the theme and final meaning of *In Dubious Battle*.^{*} The difference is that Steinbeck called attention to his source, even quoting several lines; whereas Comfort, apparently expecting his readers to have Molec's words in mind, has not so much as hinted at the source or meaning of "On this side nothing. . ."

Comfort's inadvertent obscurity would hardly deserve notice, were it not that his novel (like its French counterpart, Camus's *The Stranger*) can be so easily and so disastrously misunderstood—the way Vernon Young (*Hudson Review*, Summer, 1949) and Mark Schorer (*Kenyon Review*, Spring, 1950) have misunderstood it in their reviews. According to Schorer: "Dr. Comfort's moral is that man cannot live either by objective or subjective orientations alone. . . Mr. Comfort, as his title tells us, shows an adult recognizing the nothingness inside himself when he can no longer identify any of himself with the apparent something outside . . . In the end, he is a man without any connections, external or internal, a man without loyalty to society or to self; he is nothing."

As these statements indicate, Schorer has seriously misread the novel, mainly because he has mistaken Comfort's revolutionary ideas for liberal platitudes. Comfort is not trying to make an "appeal for individual value," at least not in the sense Schorer suggests, by lumping *On This Side Nothing* with Ivy Compton Burnett's *Two Worlds And Their Ways*. Far from making any such appeal, Comfort is trying to expose the emptiness, even deadliness, of our current liberalisms and individualisms—as a first step in developing a more searching and revolutionary statement of the human potential.

Through his fictional hero, Shmul Weinstock, Comfort reveals the contemporary world as one huge Ghetto. Americans, English, Nazis, Communists, Zionists—with significant but not saving differences, we have all

^{*}Comfort has explained (in a personal letter): "As a matter of fact, I picked on *In Dubious Battle* as my title, and then found that Steinbeck had used it, so I looked a few lines farther for something else which would fit. . ."

alike reduced modern life to a state of barbarism, until we are now in Moloc's position: "On this side nothing. . ." That is, we have reached a final point: we are not in danger of falling at some future time, as in George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. We have fallen; this is hell, and we are in it.

Such is the unqualified condition of modern man, as the novel demands that modern man face it. Nor does Comfort stop here. He anatomizes chaos in order to find a way out of it—and that way is Moloc's, presented in Moloc's own spirit and terms:

*"What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier farr
Then miserable to have eternal being:
Or if our substance be indeed Divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:
Which if not Victory is yet Revenge."**

Minus the last two lines, which require modification to fit the novel, this passage is a remarkably close poetic statement of Comfort's "moral." Like Moloc (and with qualifications, certain modern Existentialists) he recognizes that "we are at worst/ On this side. . .;" that so long as we remain alive, there is a possibility of overcoming the "Omnipotent," and that so long as there is such a possibility, however faint, it is worth fighting for.

Where Comfort differs fundamentally is in his conception of the enemy. To Comfort, the "Omnipotent is not God, is not really omnipotent at all; and therefore is not "inaccessible," and not absolutely unconquerable. To his way of thinking, the "Omnipotent" is the party, the nation, the church, and their attendant "institutions," all organized primarily for purposes of war and destruction, and forming "a culture which is a non-culture." Comfort's revolt cannot therefore be one of organized war, or in the present chaos, organized resistance of any kind—for the simple reason that such organized activity, no matter how well intentioned, would inevitably demand conformity to the means and ends of the modern "Omnipotent," or, in Comfort's own words "contemporary barbarism." Which means that the revolt Comfort advocates, though as complete and intransigent as Moloc's, must take the form of anarchistic and pacifistic action. The

**Paradise Lost*, Book II, 11. 94-105.

men who see and understand must disobey and run. There is no other meaningful way. And if these men succeed, if they manage to keep alive and functioning as "human beings," they may be able to keep open a few breathing-holes for humanity. Indeed they may eventually be able to achieve "a free society," a society in which it is possible to "live with other people and feel you are a human being, not a loose piece of something."

So Comfort has translated Moloc's words into contemporary human terms—to show us that we are now on this side nothing, that if we are to achieve any kind of "Victory," we must go all the way in accepting a modern variation of Moloc's revolutionary position—a variation which Comfort, Herbert Read, and others have developed into an interpretation of life and literature known as "The New Romanticism."

Ideas are not art. But it is generally agreed that we must understand a novelist's ideas before we can pass judgement on his art. This is why, at the risk of making Comfort appear more like a pamphleteer than an artist, I have tried to clarify the thematic structure which gives form and meaning to what is, I am convinced, one of the finest novels of recent years.*

*I have discussed Comfort's art in a separate essay: "Kafka and Alex Comfort; the Penal Colony Revisited," *Arizona Quarterly*, Summer, 1952, pp. 101-120.

VIVIENNE KOCH

A Review

T. S. Eliot: The Design Of His Poetry, by Elizabeth Drew. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York, 1949. \$3.00.

Miss Drew's book has attracted much praise and some controversy. The praise was inevitable; the controversy unpredictable. Her study of Eliot's poetry (excluding the plays) has the distinctive virtue of being useful to those who know little of Eliot as well as to those who know much. Critics naturally fall into both groups and of these the ones who know little of Eliot and his poetic method are most likely to be suspicious of the ideological frame to which she has attached her analysis.

In her preface, Miss Drew says:

I have found what is, to me, an interesting parallel in symbolic content between the progression of dream symbols described by Jung as arising during what he calls 'the integration of personality' (and which he relates to the history of myth) and some of those appearing in Eliot's poetry during the course of its development. But this is not a book about rival schools of psychology and anthropology.

Her aim is to study the poems as a process of growth, "an integration of personality," and in doing so she often connects Jung's "archetypes" (primordial images) with Eliot's symbolic statement. But it is the nexus of archetypes which Jung has termed "the archetype of transformation," and which accompanies the integration of personality, which Miss Drew finds especially interesting:

It is the experience of detachment from the world of objective reality as the centre of existence and finding 'a new dimension' in which it can and must be contemplated and lived . . . As such it involves the death of an old life and the birth of a new . . . The central experience which informs most of the poetry of Eliot is the same age-old pattern of symbolic death and birth, lived through an intense personal experience and accepted as the central truth of a religious faith.

But it is significant that while Eliot's Church has its own historic archetypes which might have provided him with a symbolic system, he has not often made use of them and his "transformations" are his own.

Miss Drew's argument is provocative. But since Jung's "mysticism," especially as it has been identified with the "collective unconscious" (the territory in which archetypes of transformation function), is an unfashionable and indeed a questionable hypothesis, some critics have found it neces-

sary to reject Miss Drew's critical findings. To this I should like to offer three objections. First, Miss Drew repeatedly stresses the fact that Jung uses his concept as a "mighty metaphor" which affirms the permanent sameness of man's deepest psychic patterns. Second, Miss Drew herself compounds the metaphoric intention, by using Jung's assertions as a metaphor against which to see Eliot's symbolism. Third, it is entirely possible to read and benefit from her book without tolerating for a moment either Jung's hypothesis, "metaphor" or terminology. For the real trouble, I think, lies both in the postulation of a "collective unconscious" (or "racial memory") as well as in the assertion of an *inherited* structure for this faculty. When Jung speaks merely of recurrent psychic experiences in man's spiritual history which tend to group themselves in distinctive patterns, even the anti-Jungians, of whom I consider myself to be an unofficial one, can find much that is suggestive in his archetypal series.

One example of how this works may be in order. Jung's study of the mandala design and its recurrence in widely dissociated cultures sees it as a dream image which always combines the element of circular rotation, some elements of "fourness" and a centre. The mandala image always occurs in relation to some conception of wholeness or harmony in which the Self replaces the Ego, and expresses, Jung says, "a certain attitude which we cannot avoid calling religious." Miss Drew, relating this to Eliot, writes: ". . . it will be clear to those familiar with *Four Quartets* that Eliot's imagined circle and 'still point' have what Jung calls the mandala form, though any unconscious materials would only confirm what Eliot had already accepted intellectually . . ." Her exposition of the manner in which quaternities function in the structure of *Four Quartets* is arresting. It is just possible that without the mandala formula Miss Drew would have discovered the identical structural features, for they are *in* the poem. But if the "metaphor" of the mandala (magic circle) image has served as a pointer, then we must feel that the reading has been enriched.

But I have already devoted too much attention to the Jungian elements in this study. As elucidation and appreciation of the *poetry* it is the most complete summing-up I know. Among its virtues is the unpretentious and lucid style with which complex philosophic materials are handled. This is best seen in the long analysis of *Four Quartets* which is the most satisfactory work yet done on that poem. It, as might be supposed, avoids the pitfalls of Mr. Raymond Preston's sympathetic but doctrinaire interpretation and enlarges upon Miss Gardner's excellent "Commentary." Everywhere, and here especially, Miss Drew shows that she has digested the prodigious scholarship on Eliot and that she has turned it to fruitful critical use. But she is rigorous in excluding suggestions, no matter how ingenious or erudite,

when they have no organic relation to the verbal context they propose to illuminate. A good example is her rejection of the identification of the "silent motto" in East Coker with that of Mary Queen of Scots' *En ma fin est ma commencement* for the common-sense reason that "it distracts attention from the imaginary manor-house of East Coker where that would not be the motto."

But, on the whole, this is not the level of criticism which engages Miss Drew. In her study of *Four Quartets* her achievement is the elucidation of a *design* which is not merely additive. Her demonstration of how various levels of discourse articulate with one another to provoke a total emotional response is masterly. One feels that the critic has learned from the poem she criticises, for she too is exploring *ends* and in the exploration effecting a revelation of *means*. In this connection, one of the interesting incidentals of her analysis is her exposition of the persistent imagery of traveling which dominates the *Quartets* and heightens the theme of inner progress.

Miss Drew feels that the poem need not be read against Mr. Eliot's prose statements of his religious affiliations, and, indeed, takes a stand against his pronouncement that the intellectual conviction of Christian truths comes *after* the acceptance of dogma and may come late. She replies: "The only possible answer to that is that to a very great number of thinking people it does not." But in his poetry, she points out, Eliot is released from everything legislative, arbitrary and sectarian in his prose. His vision, she argues, is catholic, not Anglo-Catholic. Good and evil in the *Four Quartets* are presented in terms of the dramatic opposition of the way and the life of creative organic order and the way and the death of destructive, inorganic disorder; that is, pattern and lack of pattern, design and chaos. In this sense the poem's implications are universal and relevant to all human destiny. While I am not sure that the *Quartets* require no tolerance for *some* religious doctrine, I find Miss Drew's epigraph to this chapter, drawn from a recent talk of Eliot's in the United States, a help:

If we learn to read poetry properly, the poet never persuades us to believe anything . . . What we earn from Dante or the Bhagavad-gita, or any other religious poetry is what it feels like to believe that religion.

I should not wish to leave the impression that the analysis of *Four Quartets* is the only achievement of this book. For particular brilliance, and as a very good testing-point of how easy it is to ignore the Jungian trapping in toto, if one wishes, I suggest the invaluable exegesis of "Sweeney Among the Nightingales," which Miss Drew manages without any archetypes, Jungian or other, at all. This, together with her chapter on the Ariel poems would be enough, had she done no more, to place her among the few good critics of poetry we have.

Myth, Freud and Existentialism

Herman Melville: A Critical Study. By Richard Chase. New York: The MacMillan Company, 1949. Pp. xiii - 305. \$4.50.

Mr. Chase has mixed a fabulous cocktail principally made up of one part anthropology, two parts Freud, some extract of Existentialism and a dash of Melville bitters. It is a stiff drink not intended to induce euphoria but weeping—a state of mind the author calls “the new liberalism” which above all must recognize man’s tragic involvement. Unfortunately the Melville flavor is all but lost in the other ingredients.

It was Mr. Chase’s intention, no doubt, to avoid the particulars of Melville’s life and many of his writings. But even so a few facts are inescapable, facts which Mr. Chase handles with free and easy license. On the first page some of the few dates given about Melville are wrong. Allan Melville, the father, failed in business nearer to 1830 than 1826 and Herman married Elizabeth Shaw in 1847, not 1848. These errors, however, are mere fly-specks in comparison to greater and more serious distortions about Melville’s meanings.

Short summaries of Melville’s stories usually serve as springboards for Mr. Chase’s somersaults and flipflops, but the summaries are more amazing than the acrobatics. According to Mr. Chase, *Typee* is the story of withdrawal from contemporaneous reality to an archaic society and childish eroticism; *White Jacket* is fall from innocence; *Mardi* a rejection of utopia as presented in Serenia which the interpreter calls “an unresolved amalgam of Typee and capitalist-military civilization”; *Moby Dick* a tragedy of the American culture image as symbolized in Ahab, the false Prometheus; *Pierre* a second withdrawal but this time into an hemaphroditic Christ-Prometheus image; and *The Confidence Man* is a mature criticism of the false Prometheus and Melville’s “supreme achievement”. So the interpretation goes!

Out of the plenty of Melville’s creation such interpretation picks and chooses to make a pattern of its own devising. At least one-half of Melville is left out and strangely enough the most explicit part. Certainly in *Typee*, *Mardi*, *Redburn* and *White Jacket* criticism of Western civilization is explicit but Mr. Chase ignores most of it in favor of far-fetched speculations about other elements in the works to the same end. Even worse this interpreter neglects almost the whole of Melville’s religious-philosophical thinking. To call Serenia an unresolved amalgam of Typee and capitalist-military civilization is so far from Melville’s intent as to be fantastic.

The main reason for this distortion comes from Mr. Chase's two instrumentalities for interpretation. He uses Freudian methods but only as an amateur literary dabbler can — that is to say, superficially. It is not difficult to interpret towers, mast-heads, mountains, caverns, whirlpools and valleys, but every qualified analyst will disown such generalized conclusions.

Such latitude is not sufficient, however. Mr. Chase incorporates what he calls myth so that his interpretations can embrace infinity. Literature is myth and myth is the collective dream. High sounding words indeed but what do they mean? Specifically they seem to mean that Melville employed the basic myth of Prometheus, the type of the culture hero. If Melville's heroes do not fit this pattern Mr. Chase calls them the false Prometheus. Even so he is often forced to discover the pattern in very minor characters like Marnoo of *Typee*, Bulkington of *Moby Dick*, Ethan Allen of *Israel Potter* and, most fantastic of all, the wife of "I and My Chimney".

Such methods make possible an interpretation not only of Melville but of almost any writer, but to what end? It is like cheating at solitaire. You can't help winning but the victory is merely dust and ashes.

In the very materials at his disposal Mr. Chase could have found clear warnings about such procedures. His discussion of American myth, derived from Constance Rourke, contains in the body of its Western tall-tales unmistakable warnings against grandiose vaporings. For example there is William P. Brannan's tale "The Harp of a Thousand Strings." The preacher from "Indianny" uses his text: "And he played on a harp of a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect", which, he says, may be found in the Bible "somewhar 'tween the fust chapter of the book of Generation, and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions". Since the text mentions spirits, the preacher lists various kinds of spirits only to conclude that spirit means fire and of the various kinds of fire the text means hell-fire which in turn may be likened to the various religious denominations. The preacher then describes three of them—the "Piscapalions" likened to a turkey-buzzard, the "Methodis" to a squirrel and the Baptists to a coon. As for himself he is a "Hard Shell Baptist".

Melville himself puts great stress on a similar warning. In *Moby Dick* the chapter on "The Whiteness of the Whale" explicitly deals with the central symbolism of the story, without which "all these chapters might be naught". Among other points Ishmael makes as the narrator is one that a search for ultimates and grand generalizations ends in a universality devoid of all content—a dumb blankness like a wide landscape of snows. And in *Pierre* the search for the Talismanic Secret ends with an empty sarcophagus.

If myth is the collective dream—a dubious and dangerously empty premise to assume—then Melville was not in the main line of American thought. His contemporary American public either did not understand his meanings or rejected them. Melville himself assumed that this alienation was a fact. And certainly the least debatable fact in terms of American myth is that Abraham Lincoln became our dominant folk hero. The semi-legendary material that has gathered around him is enormous and most American poets since Whitman have paid tribute to this canonization. Melville was in excellent position to do likewise: there was nothing inconsistent with his professed ideals in doing so, but the fact is he was silent.

Nor does Mr. Chase convince when he gets to the particulars of his interpretation. Any reader has abundant material out of which to select his favorite example of interpretation gone mad but, one instance will serve. *Pierre* is "the vessel of the Promethean fire" (P.115) but two pages later "Lucy is the symbol of Promethean fire". Following this Mr. Chase adds that *Pierre* is written in the metaphor of the Apocalypse with the hero as Christ-Daniel and Lucy as the new Jerusalem. (P.128) When *Pierre* takes Lucy for a drive in the family phaeton, a sixty-year-old heirloom, drawn by two six-year colts, Mr. Chase is hot on the trail. The family groom, not present or even mentioned in the passage, is named Christopher, thus the bearer of Christ. The age of the phaeton and the two horses gives three sixes which can be made into 666, the number of the Beast of the Apocalypse. "The implication is that the conventional, aristocratic tradition of the Glendinnings in America may turn out to be as much the Beast as did Rome, a thought which surely constitutes one of the more remarkable 'ambiguities' of Melville's novel." (P.129)

A remarkable ambiguity indeed, but whether of Melville's or Mr. Chase's creating remains for the reader to decide!

This use of a preconceived pattern also distorts Mr. Chase's literary judgment. His interpretation necessarily places *The Confidence Man* at the apex: "*The Confidence Man* is a supreme achievement." (P.206) I have re-read it in order to check my earlier judgments; the inescapable conclusion remains—the work is a literary failure. Even allowing for an inevitable subjectivity, I can still find no valid reasons for calling it a supreme literary achievement. Thus it seems that Mr. Chase has begun with a method he hopes will evaluate literary merit but ends beyond the boundaries of literature in the land of Cuckoo.

Volume IV complete with Numbers 1 - 2.

